EXPRESSIONISM IN ART

ITS PSYCHOLOGICAL AND BIOLOGICAL BASIS

DR. OSKAR PFISTER

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Barbara Low.

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EXPRESSIONISM IN ART

INTRODUCTION

Expressionism has long outgrown the stage in which it called forth only the horrified shrieks of the old fogies and the moral indignation of the "great ones" dominating the art-world. There are plenty of Philistines yet, it is true, who consider that when they have applied the epithets "hideous, barbaric, clumsy, perverse, pathological" to the new tendencies in art, they have done their duty as artists and as citizens. But even these narrow-minded devotees must find food for reflection in the fact that the representatives of the alleged horrible and inartistic productions have also achieved very important things in traditional art, and have often devoted themselves with truly religious seriousness and with a sense of awe to this entirely unorthodox movement. It will be a

further source of uneasiness to these same narrow-minded persons that in the most diverse spheres of culture the same spirit which revolts against traditional standards and impetuously pours out new works of art is making itself felt in painting, sculpture, architecture, poetry, music. A Scriabin composed sweet elegiacal melodies of Chopinlike nature before he passed to the sounds which seemed at first to most hearers to be the height of cacophony: a Busoni, the most powerful of living pianists, steeps himself with unselfish and sympathetic understanding in the world of old Bach, whose unfinished C-minor Fugue he completes in a masterly manner, and at the same time creates his own works, which many hearers even to-day feel as an insult and a challenge, though others are enchanted by them. And that such privileged individuals among the higher spirits place the unfettered Expressionist art above Classicism and Romanticism, and that among the young talents so great a number should soar with eagerness to this same height, is surely evidence of a revolution in our art life,

indeed in the entire cultural life, the causes of which lie deep down.

How are we to interpret this phenomenon? What attitude shall we adopt towards it? Is Expressionism only an expression of the pseudo-anarchistic tendency among us at the present time which by means of Bolshevistic radicalism is shattering the old tables of the law? Is it a question of oddity and desire for originality? Of degeneration and decadence? Of paranoia and hebephrenia? Or do art-critics and artists, whose only opponents to-day are habit and indolence, enter the arena? Will what is ugly to-day become the delight and pride of to-morrow? Are we facing, not a fettered negativism, but a new inward compulsion, announcing with victorious smile a turning-point in time and looking down upon a dying Middle Age and a dawning New Age of artistic production?

Riddle upon riddle! The initiated and the experts, divided into hostile camps, are facing one another engaged in the fray. Both sides think their shafts have struck home and that

they themselves have remained untouched. How shall we find our way through the chaos of this great problem? We find food for thought in the words of Max Raphael, the æsthete and historian of modern painting; "Perhaps we should have come nearer to the solution of the problem if we had not always asked 'What is Art, and what is the effect of Art?' but 'What is the genesis of Art, what is the meaning of its genesis?'" (M. Raphael, *Von Monet to Picasso*, Munich 1913, p. 9). Very good! But is it possible to fathom its genesis? In order to apprehend the process of this development, should we not need to be able to look into the mysterious womb of unconsciousness?

We should indeed, and in Siegmund Freud's psychoanalytic method we possess a marvellous instrument which can penetrate beneath the surface of consciousness and teach us how to interpret many significant processes of the unconscious. Too long already have æsthetics and the history of art held aloof from this method of investigation which solves so many

problems—a method which, nevertheless, is not easy either to learn or to practise. For the purpose of fathoming the psychological and biological secrets of Expressionism, we shall of course, make use of this method, which alone is able to furnish the deeper psychology underlying artistic creation.*

We will deal with only one preliminary question before creating an empirical basis for our theoretical conclusions by means of detailed examination: What do we understand by "Expressionism"? The limits are not easy to draw. Trog asserts: "What cannot be defined is considered Expressionism." (Neue Zürcher Zeitung, 1919, Nr. 613). The essential thing, however, is, as the name shows, the endeavour to express through Art, not the actual external world, but the inner self of the artist, in which process the objective

* Cf. Freud, *Vorlesungen zur Einführung in die Psychoanalyse* (3 parts, Hugo Heller, Vienna 1916. O. Pfister *Die psychanalyt. Methode*, J. Klinkhardt, Leipzig, 1913 (English Translation by Dr. R. Payne, Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. Kegan Paul & Co., London.)

content is but a means to this end. But according to this definition all art would be expressionist, for in all presentations, including those that are naturalistic, the artist in some way objectifies himself. Every art is at bottom a confession. It is therefore necessary to enlarge our concept by a further characteristic: the Ego, that is, the subjectivity and its varying states, engrosses the interest so much that the external object may not dispute its supremacy and either disappears or becomes unrecognizable. In what follows I understand as graphic Expressionism subjective presentation accompanied by total or almost total distortion of nature to the point of unrecognizability, or by suppression of all external reality.

I know well that in so doing I am limiting the concept more narrowly than is usually done, but who will give me a better name, to which I could obtain general assent, to apply to this definite and limited group of tendencies? Hermann Bahr asserts that the new art school which is distinguished by doing violence to external reality, the world of the

senses, consists simply of little sects which execrate each other (*Expressionism.* Munich, 1916, p. 55). I am far from brushing aside the differences in these sects. I, too, recognize the various stages which lead from the Impressionism of a Claude Monet via Van Gogh to the Neo-impressionism of a Cézanne and thence to the Cubists, Futurists, and Expressionists in the narrower sense, as for instance a Picasso and a Matisse. I know, moreover, how strongly the Dadaists in their turn differ from the above, and how great again is the difference between the Dadaists and the representatives of the so-called "New Art," who have found in Waldemar Jollos an apologist so adroit in word, even though speaking with Heracleitan obscurity. Alas! how many and profound are the differences among the adherents of these circles!

Am I to apply a new designation to all those who render unrecognizable that external world which they present? I tried to do so, and in the case of Kandinsky's "Blue Rider" I selected the epithet "Wild Art"; but among the artists

whose attitude towards external reality is as already mentioned there are such tame, soft individuals to be found—just think of Picasso—that I cannot possibly entitle their peaceful gentle art "wild." Then I thought that in the term "subjective art" I had found an apt baptismal name which forthwith I joyfully adopted; but only the extreme left wing of these violent enemies of reality paint entirely in a manner reflecting their subjectivity and not in all their pictures; for the objective constantly reappears unexpectedly in this immanence-painting which frequently gives an objective aspect to it. I therefore transferred to kindred groups the name "Expressionism," which so well emphasizes as its essential characteristic the psychical discharge into the work of art, and if any one objects to this, he is merely cavilling at terms.

I.

I begin my examination with the analysis of an artist. I consider it, indeed, quite wrong to begin a psychological investigation of art

with the picture instead of with the creative act. Before the psychology of art—if there is as yet such a thing at all—can accomplish anything of real value, it must unquestionably take up this new method of approach. And further it must study the creative act not in books, but in the studio and wherever else drawing and painting is carried on, and even sound its depths by means of question, experiment, comparison. We psycho-analysts have for years past conducted our investigations on these lines, and we invite all art theorists to test the method elaborated by Freud's genius, which alone is truly empirical and appropriate. But let us remember that we cannot study a man's art in the void, apart from his whole life-experience.

From the examination of a man acknowledged in his own circle as a highly gifted artist, and particularly from an analytical research into the genesis of certain of his pictures, to some of which he ascribes an artistic character, I should like to demonstrate what unconscious motives created these pictures

and to what biological end they correspond. Proceeding from this starting-point I should like to obtain all the pronouncements we may be warranted in making concerning the psychological and biological basis of artistic Expressionism.

In the first place an æsthetic judgment does not enter into my consideration. Whether this Expressionist art, with its deviation from nature, possesses great or little value does not concern us at all for the present, as we are judging only psychologically and biologically. Likewise we leave aside the metaphysical judgment on the subject, that is to say, whether Expressionism, as it asserts, solves the cosmic problems by giving expression to the absolute, the substance of reality. Psychoanalysis leaves the final appraisement to a synthetic consideration, which for the present is not our province. We shall not raise the aesthetic question until the end.

The French artist whose work will occupy us first, entered upon a psychological course of treatment with me on the 27th of September, I will not give the date of the particular year.

He felt well, but suffered from fits of depression assumed to have been caused by unsatisfactory relations with his wife, and by the war. Yet he admitted that similar dejection was present even before his marriage and before the war, although not to such an extent. He had served as a soldier in the garrison for a year. He was then discharged on account of his highly nervous condition. Some time previously he had made the acquaintance of a charming girl and gained her affection. Soon after quitting military service he became engaged to her and married her, rather more than a year before the beginning of the analysis. The marriage did not turn out happily. The highly-strung wife attempted to commit suicide; this had no very lasting ill effect, it was merely an hysterical incident. The young wife's statement in the first consultation is significant. "I cannot possibly live with my husband, but I cannot possibly live without him." Violent quarrels were the order of the day: there was much talk of divorce. But the result of a separation lasting several weeks had proved

that their desire for each other's companionship was too strong.

Concerning the external circumstances of our artist we learn that until his fifteenth year he was brought up at home and attended the lower classes of the "Gymnasium." For nearly four years after this he was in a boarding-school abroad, where he felt free from restraint. From his eighteenth to his twentieth year he was occupied with manual work in preparation for technical studies. Then he decided to become a painter. He did not like the idea of studying at the Academy, especially as at home he often felt "intolerably wretched." For a year and a half he studied at an art institute abroad and was very happy, except that he felt rather isolated. When he was a little over twenty-three he wished to conclude his studies abroad, and until the outbreak of the war he oscillated between his chosen place of study and his own home.

His parents had lived inharmoniously from the first. Agitating scenes were of constant occurrence. The father was a powerful

personality who enforced his will with inexorable obstinacy, but by this means he came into acute conflict with his children. My patient, whom we will call José, was on bad terms with him until his twentieth year. Since that time his relations with his father had been amicable. On the other hand the mother through her tenderness won her son's devoted affection until José in his eighteenth year entangled himself in love affairs which clouded the good understanding between mother and son.

My patient was the eldest son of a large family. A younger brother committed suicide by shooting himself without having ever let fall a hint of such an intention beforehand. A sister who was five or six years older than José remained backward in development owing to Rachitis. Another sister used to jump out of bed, run about, and walk, in her sleep.

From childhood José had suffered from anxiety dreams. The following experiences in particular had made a deep impression. At the age of one or two, probably in his

first year, he states that he had a dream which he remembers exactly: A great bear which reached to the ceiling approached his bed and overshadowed him.

At ten years of age Red Indians broke into his bedroom. This dream was often repeated. In his twelfth year he several times had a hallucination. By moonlight, (or so it appeared to him,) a man in a white shirt with a white cowl came to his bed and bent over him. In response to José's terrified shrieks his parents rushed in. At the same period the boy several times saw little flames in the room and cried out with fear.

Up to the present he had almost always dreamed that he was being pursued, and he believed that in reality also this was the case. He confessed that he was unceasingly on the defence against attacks, and asked me in amazement whether it was not so with every one.

His violently passionate nature was a striking feature even in his childhood. From his sixteenth to his eighteenth year he suffered

from violent headaches. At the age of twenty he was affected by a nervous palpitation of the heart with intermittent apex-beat; this affection still returns from time to time. Other symptoms were not noted until later, as is usually the case. As we have decided upon a historical presentation, we shall take note of these later.

As for his artistic creations, I refrain as far as possible from aesthetic judgment in order to make a more impartial psychological approach to the work. Two types of work were shown me after one of the first consultations. The one he called "naturalistic." It falls into two groups. The first group, represented by a portrait of his young wife, I am inclined to characterize as tame. The extremely life-like picture, painted with much technical virtuosity, gave me the impression of conventional sweetness, as though painted by a salon portrait-painter. The extraordinary charm of the young wife was expressed in a speaking manner, but without the melancholy dreaminess and the weary smile which dis-

tinguished the original. I should have taken the portrait to be the work of an extremely talented man, but should have felt that it lacked the stamp of the artist's personality. To my mind it looked mawkish and sentimental. I heard then also that the production was a wretched "kitsch,"* done to oblige the parents-in-law, but insincere in spirit. It was not till later that I became acquainted with other "naturalistic" pictures which on the contrary showed coarse, brutal traits. The second group was as "wild" as possible. I had no need to be ashamed that I had not the slightest idea what many of the paintings were supposed to represent, and could not make head or tail of the muddle of colours or the chaos of lines.

According to a well-tried principle I do not spend much time on a general survey, but when possible enter upon the analysis from the very first treatment. I therefore made my patient relate some dream which had made an impression, and noted the following fantasy which had occurred two or three months previously.

* "*Kitsch*," a slang word, equivalent to our "potboiler."

"I am running through a long, glass-covered passage and come to a dark garden. Then I feel that at the end on the right, where the sitting-rooms somehow begin, there is my mother. Some light is coming out from the rooms. But the first portion of the glass-covered passage is open for a good way on to the garden. There somebody is waiting to rush upon me with a dagger. I tear along this passage somehow."

[The glass-covered passage?]* Lilienberg. That was the villa in which I spent the first three years of my life. There must have been such a passage there. [The passage?] Nothing. [On the right, where the sitting-rooms begin, my mother?] Nothing. [Some one rushes upon me with a dagger?] Something does occur to me, but it seems to be an after thought. A week ago I quarrelled with a man who had hitherto been a friend of mine. [Someone throws himself upon me with a

* The words in square brackets I said to the patient: what immediately follows is his reaction. Cf. Pfister, *Die psychanalytische Methode*, p. 417.

dagger?] Really nothing of importance. Only a writer, a little puny man with frightened eyes.

The time at our disposal did not allow us to obtain any further spontaneous ideas. But we learnt, without giving an interpretation, that the dreamer has been carried back in imagination to the first three years of his life, because obviously something in the present reminds him of that time, and that as usual he feels himself pursued. The pursuit-idea is thus put back to the time in which the bear-dream took place. I draw the patient's attention to this connection. He confesses that he is really inclined to see enemies in other individuals, including those who have hitherto been friends, and to treat them accordingly. He chooses as his friends only those persons who are of a rebellious nature, and he likes to set himself in keenest opposition to the powers that be: to the State, to the bourgeoisie, to morality, to religion, to the art of the day, and especially violently to war, whose instigators he fervently hates.

In order to make matters a little easier later on I explain to my patient the law of transference, according to which he will project upon me the ill-will in reality directed towards other individuals, but which has been repressed into the unconscious. I warn him against yielding to this feeling, but am well aware how little the good resolutions of the patient can avail.

A week later we met again. José had carefully considered our conversation and perceived still more clearly than hitherto that he regarded and treated all persons as aggressors.

The Dream of the Bear (Age One to Two Years).

As a new dream was not forthcoming, we examined first the sleep-fantasy which forms the first symptom known to us of an abnormal development. I make him relate it with as much detail as possible and divide it into sections; (I am lying in a small narrow room?) The bed on which I am lying. An oil lamp is shedding a cone-shaped light which falls obliquely. In the room is also a sofa, and a second bed. Now a black window occurs to me. And the bear. And now my father. On the table an oil lamp is standing. A cone-shaped light like a paper sugar-loaf. When I was seven years old a little brother was born. Then we went into our mother's room. In the cradle we found sugar-loaf bags with sweetmeats and con-

fectionery. The room had two beds, in one of which my mother was lying. Also there was a cradle. [Nurse Berta is in the room?] She is wearing a blue dress with white spots. She seems to be bending over me. Now I must think of the bear again. The light shone from behind.

[Suddenly a great bear comes in that reaches up to the ceiling and overshadows me?] Quite clearly the father. The bear had also the father's chin and beard. Above the chin or the nose he was not visible, as he was in the shade and outside the cone of light. [The bear?] My nurses represented him to me as the most gruesome animal. My father had a little bear made of bronze; he used to go to sleep after dinner and he put the bear on the table to keep us quiet, so he said. I was terribly afraid of that bear.

[Again the nurse?] Berta stood between me and the bear. She appears to have protected me. She was my good friend.

Now it occurs to me that I gave the dream a name: I called it "Lilienthal." I gave the

same name to the dream we analysed last time. Now I am again thinking of the glass-covered passage. Violent disputes used to take place there between my parents. The passage was dark on that account. A little dog was run over in the neighbourhood. After the quarrel of the parents there were painful farewell scenes at the station there, about which my mother told me later.

The interpretation can now no longer be difficult in the main, even though we fail to understand certain details. The most important figure is the father, who is recognised with certainty by his chin and beard. *The dreamer fears an attack from the terrifying father but is protected by a woman who comes to his aid.*

While we claim for this explanation the assent of every reader who has occupied himself with the dream theory, we confine ourselves for the remainder to conjectures which any practised dream-expert will at once deem convincing, but some parts of which we can only consider as proved during the course of the later analysis.

The room recalls an oil lamp, a cone-shaped light, a sofa, and a second bed. These give rise to the paper-bag in the cradle of the new-born baby brother, the mother's room with the parents' beds, and the child's cradle. The significance of the light will become clear to us later. For the present it is important to us to note that the dreamer in the course of his spontaneous associations transports himself to the parents' bedroom. We therefore interpret the scenery as follows :

I see myself in my bedroom.

In order not to venture too far we pass over the question what meaning is to be attached to the sudden recollection of the parents' bedroom and of the birth of the baby brother which is probably associated with the dream through much later reflections. Experienced persons will already infer with certainty the "Oedipuscomplex" (cf. Freud, "Vorlesungen z. Einführung in die Psychanalyse" 1916, 230 seq.)

The nurse who bends over the sleeper may be taken, in accordance with other evidence which

we shall find corroborated later, to represent the mother. The latter is not herself introduced, because otherwise the disguise of the dream-forming, unconscious thoughts would be too slight. The mother on the one hand bends lovingly over the child, on the other hand she forms the protectress who stands between the bear and the child. We therefore .nterpret the dream :

The mother is found as loving protectress close at hand.

The *bear* denotes the father, as both the chin and the beard betray. The father, who protects his sleep by a bear, is evidently, like a real bear, very terrible to the dreamer. The following interpretation therefore completes the italicized sentence above :

(The mother protects me when the terrible father threatens me.) From that time the thought must have become fixed, the father who attacked the mother presumably at night and in reality during quarrels by day will also, he thinks, adopt a hostile attitude to himself.

The Dream of the Red Indians (Tenth Year)

In this second sitting we attacked the stereotype-dream of the Red Indians occurring in his tenth year. I reproduce it in full, dividing it into its various parts.

[In front of our house there is a cab-stand?] The horses dejected and old. Probably the Red Indians are connected with them. We threw little balls down out of the windows and from the balcony and frightened the horses with them. I expect that is why the Red Indians climb in this way. [Suddenly Red Indians came over our balcony and the narrow bow-window next to it into the room in which I was sleeping with my brother?] I was troubled by this dream several times. [The balcony] There I fed rabbits with my brother who is now dead. He was perhaps also among the

Red Indians, perhaps not. [Your brother?] He seems to be the evil spirit who summoned the Indians. I lived on very bad terms with him, we were always quarrelling. He shot himself later. He always objected to whatever my sister and I did. I always identified him with my father, although he was not like him, Probably I was always so vexed with him, because I was resisting what I had to submit to from my father. This makes many things clearer to me. We had had wooden swords and shields made for ourselves and carried on combats in our room. The room was in any case full of horrors. For instance, we had an aquarium behind my bed. Once salamanders escaped from it. We found them later dried up under a carpet. Then I was sorry for them. I thought the Red Indians were the evil souls of the salamanders. The moon once shone into this salamander tank. (We shall return to this moon fantasy later).

As historical motifs of the aggression-fancy we traced the following : A trick played on old cab-horses, fierce quarrels with the brother,

who is identified with the father; fright over the dried-up salamanders.

Interpretation: *As I have offended against animals* (horses and salamanders) *and against the brother who resembled my father, I am threatened by wild creatures, viz: my father and brother.*

The stereotype-dream betrays that he is already dominated by the idea of being attacked roughly. It is well known that what is hated by consciousness is very often desired by the unconscious. For that reason it happens so uncommonly often that anyone who has suffered severely under one parent marries a person resembling him, and, further, resembling him in just the most hated characteristics.

The Moonlight Fantasy (Belonging to the Twelfth Year).

When we were speaking of the salamander tank a short time ago, we mentioned a moon fantasy. On account of its great importance we now deal with it. José related that at the time of the Red Indian dreams one idea gave him a great deal of trouble. It appeared to him as if the moon were compressing him tightly and divided him into two. One part of his body upon which the moonlight shone no longer belonged to the rest.

[The moon shines upon a part of my body ?] When this portion of my body is no longer under the moon's rays it seems to fall off. The Red Indians are no doubt waiting for this. The door to the parents' bedroom. (A point added later: Here plans were made which had reference to me): Every thing is menacing,

except the moon. This seems to me my only support. It shines especially upon my heart and the upper part of my body, yes right into my heart. On the other hand my forehead and the nape of my neck are in the shadow. In some conversations, when you were talking with me recently, I got a stiff neck so that I could not move it. This had also already occurred before my military service, at school.

In the next discussion I heard further as follows: As a child I liked to play with the moonlight on my counterpane. It is certain that I even then with pleasure phantasied concerning the part of my body illuminated by the moon's rays, and that I separated it from the other part. . . Ah, now I have it! When my father shouted at me, I put my head back in fear and stared at him. I recall a particular situation: Once he was standing by the door, and he shouted at me for some reason. I no longer remember what it was about, but I remember he told me later I was not always to hang on my mother's apron strings. It is important to note that this feeling of being cut

in two was caused by his father shouting at him thus.

[The moonlight again?] With moonlight I associate my mother. My mother was frightened when my father shouted, I identified myself with her and for many years was very frightened when he shouted at her. This identification with the mother is certainly very important.

Interpretation

The patient, according to this, feels himself cut into two halves, one part illumined by the moon, the other left in shadow. This discord-motif will meet us often again. *The moonlight recalls the mother*, who in contrast to the severe father is mild and gentle, as we may say with Uhland: "Als blickte Vollmond drein." This maternal brightness shines upon the breast and even penetrates into the heart, that is, into the centre of emotional life. In fact we find in the case of our patient that his emotional manifestations apparently all trace back to the mother.

In striking contradiction are other traits which we will discuss in connection with the moon fantasy. The part unillumined by the rays of the moon falls off. The Red Indians are waiting for it; that which is left dark and

unillumined is menacing. The forehead and nape of the neck are menacing, the nape of the neck recalls first the terrified bending back of the neck when the father angrily shouted at the child, secondly a later reproach of the father on account of the boy's too great clinging to the mother. We see from all this that the dark parts of the body concern the father who stands in opposition to the mother. On his account the neck gets set in an unnaturally stiff position, and in the disguise of the Red Indian with which we are already familiar he seizes the dark parts of the body which seem to fall away from the whole. As in the preceding fantasies of the bear and the Red Indians the father represents the menacing element, and the mother is the protectress. But we must give heed to another psychologically important fact: The forehead and nape of the neck remain under the influence of the father. Our patient regards the forehead as the centre of thought, but the stiff neck expresses hard inflexible self-will, "stiff-neckedness." In fact we shall find again only too clearly the

influence of the father in thought and will. The inward disharmony is thereby expressed most characteristically in the boy's fancy. We shall find it again in his pictures.

In view of this psychic situation we are not surprised when we now perceive that José remembers in addition to the dark forehead the "frantic headaches" of those boyhood years. The neurosis is already clear.

That stiffness of the neck and the headaches of boyhood re-occurred immediately after the beginning of the analysis proves that the expected identification of the analyst with the father had already taken place.

From the third discussion (October 13th) a few significant details may be communicated, José tells me of a striking

Division of the Face.

He distinguishes between a lower half which comprises chin, mouth, and the lower part of the nose, and an upper half. Even now he would like as far as possible to hide his mouth which, though in reality normal, appears to him "compromising and tell-tale." He does

not like anyone to look at his mouth, although he knows that everything is all right. His attention being drawn to this symptom, he recalls an experience of his twentieth year. At that time his father shouted at him: "If you had more grit, you would not have such puffy lips." However, we look much further back and recollect that the bear, also, in the dream improvised at one or two years of age was only visible in respect to those parts of the face which José now feels to be "compromising and tell-tale" in himself. We may therefore assert with complete certainty that the son identifies himself with the father in regard to this part of the face. This identification causes conflict.

The Imaginary Compression of the Head.

In the same sitting he told me that to-day he felt specially strongly a kind of band compressing his head. He associated with this an episode which occurred about the end of his second year. At that time he had to undergo an operation for the ear. During the operation the doctor wore a mirror which was fastened by a band going over his head from one ear to the other. Twice he was pricked in some way through the nose and ear. He was terribly afraid of the doctor and his apparatus. He looked upon him as something hostile. The mother who sat by him consoled and soothed him. In this imagined compression of the head he revives the childish distress of bygone days which ended happily. But why does José on this particular day suffer more severely than usual

from this hysterical sensation? I enquire what preceded the manifestation of the symptom and learn that José heard a lecture. His attention being drawn to it he remarks at once that the lecturer resembled the child-specialist as regards his white hair and some other features.

The Fourth Sitting (October 15th.) was entirely taken up with two portraits. Both represent:

The Portrait of the Analyst.

The first, fantastically drawn, was produced in eleven minutes, eleven seconds at the beginning of the treatment. The work is accompanied by the following remarks: "The left side and the mouth are all right; the eyes, too, especially the eyebrows. The right side is quite unsuccessful. The temples are both right. The whole looks absolutely diabolical."

I should now very much like to reproduce the original. But unfortunately the patient kept it himself. If it were a question of discussion of the aesthetic value, the loss would be irreparable. But as we are only concerned with a psychological examination a reproduction from memory (fig. 1) will fully serve the purpose.

And this applies also to most of the remaining drawings. A few originals only remain.

Without delay José then proceeded by my desire to the pencil drawing of a more objective portrait. I was anxious to learn how my patient saw me in reality. Certainly he was not lacking in expressions of contempt for this "naturalistic" style. It is only "kitsch," prostitution of art, and releases in him no kind of aesthetic feeling. While drawing José said to me:

"I am taking no account of any artistic intention. You look a little like Napoleon. I used to take likenesses much more quickly, in colours too. The picture is already fairly like. Except for the mouth I am fairly well satisfied, but it is 'kitsch' expressed with a great deal of unnecessary elaboration. Whatever objectivity I give is not expressed absolutely, only relatively. The left side is absolute. I will bring a correct drawing of you next time. You have grown rather younger. Ears and chin are rather difficult problems for me, I shirk them. In my first portraits I used to leave them out

and I made the rest conventional. As a youth I made portraits as like the original as possible. But they always had a large element of caricature in them, although they resembled to a hair's-breadth. I was told that I had a great talent for caricature. In doing my last portrait I had great artistic pleasure, absolute certainty of volition, clear intention, complete mastery of the material."

After twenty-four minutes the *objective* drawing was finished. It was not directly analysed, but it is possible to make a few indirect analytical statements about it. That it was the mouth, ears, and chin which would not come right will not surprise us when we remember the rôle played by these features in the dream of the bear and in the fantasy of the head-clasp. The artist has evidently completed the identification of the analyst with the father and with the child-specialist as father-surrogate, just as he does with many other individuals.

In regard to the drawing as a whole, many competent observers tell me that in truth one cannot fail to recognise great resemblance

between the original and the portrait, yet the facial expression is greatly distorted. The wild expression of the portrait is not to be observed in my face. I do not squint, and my lips are not so thick as is here suggested.

We see, then, that even when he says he sees properly José adds the features which he exaggerates in the "subjective" portrait and is unable to do justice to the reality. He clearly projects the father on to me. The picture must leave its creator unsatisfied because it does justice neither to objectivity nor to subjectivity and therewith fails to accomplish its purpose.

In the subsequent

Fifth sitting (Octoer 18th)

José brought with him instead of the promised "correct" portrait two pictures (2 and 3), which we discuss later. They are both supposed to represent the analyst. Anxious though I was to become acquainted with the unconscious elements of the "wild" drawing, I nevertheless entered upon the dream he had brought with him. In all circumstances I wished to keep in

the forefront the therapeutical goal. From the dream it was quite clear that he suspected that his relations with his wife were endangered. Unfortunately his recollections did not lead back into the unknown childish complexes. His resolution to do everything which would preserve his marriage was strengthened in consequence, but the expert sees that little is attained thereby as long as the evil spirits which have been banished to the unconscious carry on their mischievous work.

The wife had a rather serious organic disease.

It was not until the next, the sixth sitting (October 19th) that we proceeded to the Analysis of the First Subjective Portrait (Fig. 1). [The portrait as a whole?] It makes a horrible impression. The *left* eye* lies on the face like a pear, the other is like a hole burnt into the face.

In connection with the *right eye* I remember Wilde's Salome who says to Jochanaan:

* Left and right are always understood from the observer's point of view. (Author's Note.)

"Thine eyes are like black holes burnt by torches in a Tyrian tapestry."* The whole face tapers off towards the *mouth* which causes me a feeling similar to that at the time when the moon shone on my mouth. The mouth stands at the end of the nose like an opened claw.

Above on the right is a *tuft of hair* which reminds me of the refractory hair of little boys. It reminds me of my schooldays, and of myself. In the morning I stood at the washstand and tried to brush this hair down.

The *nostril* seems to me a kind of eye.

The *right burnt-out eye* reminds me of a little dog which I partly petted, partly feared. In this look there is a deep and lasting helplessness.

The *whole* has the head of a dog. Only at the top the *hair* is that of a little boy. It just occurs to me that as a boy I played with dogs a great deal, especially with a little dachshund

* The literal translation of the author's text is "Persian Carpets," but Oscar Wilde's version of Salome to which the author refers, uses the expression "a Tyrian tapestry."—*Translator.*

which was very sharp and snappy, but which loved us very demonstratively.

The *head* looks tartar-like especially the *eyebrows*, the position of the *eyes*, and the *mouth*.

It seems to me that I see myself as well as my father in the portrait. I see my father especially in regard to the *mouth* and somehow the eyes.

It would be very nice if all things were constructed in cubes; because then it would all be very harmonious if one kept rigorously to the exactness of this form. Cubism is probably a deeper inward solution of what on paper seems somehow painful and catastrophic.

I don't like to look at the picture. The *expression* is unsympathetic and evil, and I dislike the manner in which the hair is plastered down on to the crown.

Although the *eyes* have something of my own in them, they are threatening to me, malicious.

The *whole* oppresses me. There is something in it of a negro or negro dance-mask, which indeed plays a great rôle in modern art.

Moreover, my tendency is to manifest in all portraits and in all things something of the wild grotesqueness which lies in the negro-mask. Perhaps it is unnecessary for me to say that I dislike to look at this portrait, because the cruelty is not sufficiently expressed to fulfil a liberating function.

The *hair* is the best. It is done in a way which one can admire although it expresses malice. Nothing else occurs to me at present.

As some of the ideas permit of no satisfactory peep behind the scenes we begin on the second round.

[*The left eye*?] Like a pear. Dolls' eyes. We had dolls' eyes joined by a band of lead.

[The *right eye* as the eye of John the Baptist?] It reminds me of a girl in my studio: there I had a carpet. I gave her a packet of peacocks' feathers. I met her again later, she promised to come again but never appeared. Also another girl from whom I had to suffer a great deal. She made me wait for hours and then sent me away again.

[The mouth?] My father said, "If you had

more grit"—ah! I have already mentioned it (vide P. 34, Division of the Face). I have a strange feeling, I must hide my mouth.

[The nostril like an eye?] I caught and killed many fish, which used to make my sister angry. Once there was an extra large pike whose neck I had to break.

The patience of José, who was suffering from catarrh and headache, would no longer hold out. We therefore went on to the interpretation:

The *left eye* like a pear; doll's eye, the band of lead through the head. The spontaneous ideas are rather scanty, and we cannot understand them yet. The doll's eye means, no doubt:

You (the analyst) have doll-like traits.

Of the connection of the two eyes we can as yet make nothing. Yet the idea is very important to us, because José detects an endocephalous sensation and draws it on one of the coming pictures.

The *right eye*. A hole in a Persian carpet, the eye of John the Baptist, the girl with the peacocks' feathers, the cruel loved one:

You are like John the Baptist destined to death.

At the same time he remembers that the eyes have something of his father and himself, that they are Tartar-like, and look at him in a threatening and malicious manner. This might mean approximately :

You are at the bottom a barbarous man who looks at me threateningly like my father and myself.

The remembrance of sufferings which were caused him by sensual women lead to this next thought :

But I too share your fate.

Perhaps we may surmise that José, also, detects an inclination after his numerous love-disappointments to adopt the ascetic ideal of the Baptist. For the rest we shall not go wrong if we interpret Salome as his own wife. That passionate love and ardent hatred are equally balanced in him we shall establish later with certainty.

We further call special attention to the fact that features of the father are also transferred to the analyst, in so far as José emphasizes the similarity, yet we learn no further definition.

The *mouth :* The picture tapers towards it,

shone upon by the moon (the mother), pointed like a claw, tartar-like.

Although much mother-love was lavished upon you, you are a barbarous creature like a beast of prey.

The *tuft of hair* (standing up perpendicularly over the right ear): Obstinate hair of his own boyhood.

You are an obstinate cross-grained youth, as I was also as a boy.

The *nostril* evokes the remembrance of eyes, killed fish, especially a large pike. So:

I should like to kill you like that pike.

The *right eye* reminds me of a little dog both petted and feared, and of deep and lasting helplessness.

You are a malicious yelper, but quite helpless.

Both eyes have something of himself in them, nevertheless threatening, malicious:

You are a man threatening to me, and malicious, but so am I.

The hair in its associative connection with a little boy and the snappy, yet well-disposed dog says approximately:

You are only a boy, it is true; in spite of your

snappy character you mean well to me, and I play with you.

That on the one hand malice and on the other good nature is asserted of the analyst is one of the contradictions which the unconscious easily tolerates. The *whole* makes a horrible impression, it resembles a dog, a tartar, it is unsympathetic, evil, oppressive, negro-like, wild. We only omitted a few unimportant details which added nothing new.

THE CONTENT OF THE PORTRAIT may be thus summarized in the sentence.

You are a diabolical and at the same time childish person or little boy, of a barbarous nature—despite having experienced a mother's love—a wild beast nature, refractory, snappish, malicious, cruelly threatening me; but you are powerless against me, (puppy), I don't take you seriously in spite of my petting, you are like that other preacher John the Baptist destined to death, and I should like nothing better than to kill you (the pike). Further there are hidden in you traits of my own nature, and my father's.

José reacts to this explanation with the confession: "*All my pictures, both the heads and the bodies, are distorted by cruelty either suffered or practised.*" For an artist this attitude towards individuals is not advantageous because the majority of people hardly appreciate seeing themselves depicted with

such wild characteristics which, as we see from this case, do not really belong to them at all, but are projections of childhood feelings and ideas from the artist himself. It is the old story ; the neurotically-bound must put his own hating and loving, his own disruption or weakness into other people, even into the universe itself. This finds expression in the fact that he links on to any other persons he chooses, uncritically, the historical features of images which haunt him. Thus the subjective artist, and to a certain degree every artist must be subjective, creates the world according to his own image. (Dec. 6th).

Sitting of October 22nd and 24th.

In the 7th sitting I was told, to begin with, that the young wife was not at all well. José mentioned casually that she had said he looked like her late brother.

A dream occurred, which we did not analyse, in which he and his companions are attacked, but while all the others are throttled he suddenly becomes quite small and immovable until he awakes in terror. Instead of taking this dream we were occupied with the second picture brought to the last consultation (fig. 2).

Again it is supposed to represent the analyst. I again leave it to the patient to talk the matter out freely. He says:

I dislike the whole thing very much. I found the work distasteful.

The *right eye* reminds me of the plume on the helmet of a negro sculpture and I

think of races which can no longer propagate themselves.

The *eyebrow over the right eye* makes me think of mountains on maps which I drew in school. They were like caterpillars on light grey paper. Caterpillars are to me uncongenial primitive creatures. When we played with them as children, we used to make passages for them through little sand heaps. A big boy overthrew me from a go-cart near there and pulled a face. The whole head reminds me of him.

(Mountains?)

Remind me of a tale, in which the hero came down from the mountains, and afterwards went mad.

(What follows came out in the 8th discussion, October 24th).

The *horizontal line* running through the middle of the forehead with the *perpendicular* one coming from the end of it reminds me of roofs in a town in which I lived for a long time. The grave of a celebrated painter. I loved a woman who also loved me, but only in

a maternal way, and rejected me. I was frantic, forgot work and food, slept in the open air and was filled with a longing for death. I happened to pass the grave of the great painter. With the Impressionist Claude Monet, roofs represent without question the dwellings of human beings whom one desires to leave behind one. Roofs denote thrusting human things aside.

(But roofs have a different position from the one in your angle ?)

In my pictures I frequently deviate as far from the conscious vertical as here.

The *neck* is like the crop of a cock. That reminds me of a gruesome tale in which a servant by means of toadstool poisoning produced apparent death.

(Wattles of a cock ?)

Testicles. Post coitum omne animal triste nisi gallus.

The *nose* is a cross between a cock's beak and a cucumber. The parallel lines which descend from the bridge of the nose are feathers. Once I was gathering plums from a

tree and threw them on to the ground. When I looked down after a time fowls had eaten them. Cucumbers were growing near the spot.

(Cucumber?)

Indian Gurkhas.* An artist painted some that looked quite effeminate. These were confused with primitive Island women of bestial beauty, who had horribly pressed-in noses. I had quite a flat nose with short inflated nostrils. My erotic excesses are probably somehow of a cruel nature. My love exhibited a marked degree of voluptuous cruelty towards myself.

(Again the cucumber?)

To show contempt as when a carrot is stuck in a snow-man's face. The nose here, too, is as if stuck in.

The *moustache* like the down reminds me of a cock's feathers which hang down on the flanks to right and left. I make nothing but cock-stories! The *little strokes* going from the eye to the chin remind me of pumice-stone

* The German word is "Gurke." *Translator's note.*

with which I rubbed stains from my fingers. When it touched my nails I disliked it. The whole picture contains nothing pleasant.

The *whole* gives the impression of a self-conscious and wretched atrocity.

To the right from the ear downwards is a background intended to heighten the fearsomeness of the whole.

We collect further ideas :

(The eyes ?)

The left one is protuberant and shining and is full of fear. I drew the picture in a melancholy frame of mind. I suffer from moods of depression, in which I strive to realize to the utmost whatever I experience and desire. This look is one of tormented brooding. There are hours in which the intensity of experience relaxes. Then I try to find my proper orientation.

(The right eye ?)

Quite heartless as if calculating and brutal it peeped out upon life, in order to avoid being over-reached by worthless people. At the age of fourteen, I drew a very good likeness of

myself, but it shows this same opposition in the expression of the eyes. The left one was trustful and full of creative enthusiasm, not so protuberant as here, gentler. The other was entirely serious but wider open, less brutal, slightly hostile, but still tending to trustfulness. I used to render the eyes of my sitters exceedingly well—now they are not nearly so good.

(The lump in the forehead over the left eye?)

Disconsolate and devastated forehead! The forehead of my own hopelessness! In the analysis I display myself as a greater pessimist than I am in reality. In reality I have cheerful moments.

(The mouth?)

I was once the victim of a slander: I was said to have taken cakes out of my schoool-fellows' lockers.

(The hollow below the mouth?)

It enhances the sharpness of the speech.

(The rectangular shape?)

This is the unsurmountable obstacle which

the whole picture suggests, the persistent nightmare, the malice.

The picture has no liberating effect upon me. But it has artistic value.* It contains clever formal ideas, especially in the sure and original arrangement of the features. Altogether non-human and visionary. No eye is placed so, no nose, no mouth is feathered so. It is distinctly unpleasant to me to be in the same room with this picture. The picture is a real portrait of myself, the portion from the nostril right down to the bottom is absolutely my father, the upper part is myself.

(But you said that I am represented by the picture?)

Yes, you too.

* It is not the artist's fault that this does not appear in my drawing. Pictures of this kind must lose all æsthetic value when they are produced from memory. *Author's note.*

Interpretation.

The *right eye* reminds me of a negro-mask, also of heartlessness, brutality, mistrust, thus :

In you, the analyst, there are negro-characteristics—heartlessness, brutality, mistrust. But these traits correspond also to my present condition as opposed to my boyhood.

The *eyebrows above* : Caterpillars with which as children we used to play : the brutal boy who threw me down from the go-cart ; the hero coming down from the mountains who afterwards went mad.

You are for me like a primitive unsympathetic animal with which I play, an insolent threatening boy who has gone mad.

The *left eye* shining, full of fear, witnesses to tormenting thoughts and moods of depression due to insufficiently fruitful relations to life and life-plans, too little intensive experience, too little knowledge of one's own orientation.

May you fare as I do : I suffer from fear and moods of depression, because I do not live and strive intensively and fruitfully enough.

The *angle in the forehead* recalls house-roofs in the town in which the artist's love was refused: the state of despair; the visit to the great artist's grave; his attitude to human beings as beneath himself.

May you fare as I do: my love is refused by the invalid wife, which drives me to despair: I would like best of all to die and leave human beings behind and below me.

In this interpretation we have adhered to José's statement that the upper part is entirely himself. He puts into my portrait the ideas which are expressed in the left eye and the angle in the forehead, namely, fear and moods of depression, unfruitful life and endeavour, unhappy love, despair, desire for death, hatred of human society, because he wishes all these things to befall me.

The lump in the forehead over the left eye.

If only you were like me: I am in a condition of misery and devastation.

The *nose* is said to represent a cross between

a cock's beak and a cucumber. It is feathered: a remembrance of the fowls stealing the plums. The cucumber associates effeminate-looking Gurkhas and Island women of bestial beauty with pressed-in noses, also his own cruel erotic excesses; lastly a contemptible snow-man. The theft of the plums from José is to be interpreted sexually-symbolically. He fears the analysis might expose the insincere character of his love so that he might lose his wife. Again he puts his own feelings into me.

You wish to rob me of my love, you are a cruel savage and a contemptible snow-man.

The perpendicular line from the right eye to the chin formed of little strokes recalls pumice-stone with which José cleaned stains from his fingers, and found the touch very unpleasant to his nails:

It is for you to cleanse me from stains, but you are unpleasant to me.

The *moustache* recalls sexual episodes. The interpretation follows in the discussion of the neck-part.

The *mouth* is associated with slander; the hollow below it with sharpness:

You, too, are a sharp tongued slanderer.

The *neck-part* likewise is said to be taken from the cock, but also recalls the testicle and coitus, for what reason we do not know. In addition a poisoning affair:

A sensual and criminal man lurks within you.

The vertical line below the right ear:

You are really a most terrifying person.

The rectangular shape.

You appear to me as an insurmountable obstacle, a persistent nightmare full of malice.

The whole has an extremely antipathetic effect on the patient, it makes a horrible dismal impression, it has no liberating power. The draughtsman does not want to remain in the same room with the picture.

You are most uncongenial to me, your horrible personality makes me feel dismal. You cannot liberate me, I should prefer not to remain any longer with you.

An added difficulty, which we infer on general grounds from analogy, is that many of the distressing features of the analyst are

transferred to him from the father, viz. all characteristics suggested in the lower half of the face. The division of the face discussed above (see p. 27) continues to be expressed.

Let us set these statements in order and place them together, thus we obtain approximately the following :

CONTENT:

You (the analyst) are brutal and barbarous, cruel and heartless, in constant opposition, sensual, effeminate, malicious, insolent, mistrustful, criminal, a sharp-tongued slanderer, in short, a thoroughly antipathetic person, who still torments me in my fear and depression, in my misery due to loss of love, in my despair and longing for death. You seek to rob me entirely of my love and to crush me like a nightmare; you cause me injury while pretending to cleanse me; but I will treat you accordingly, I will play with you as with a weak, contemptible snow-man: like me you shall fall into fear and depression, despair and disgust with life, and I should like to have nothing further to do with you for I find united in you numerous repellent traits of my father and myself.

Unfortunately there was not time at the end of the hour to give this explanation and test it critically in the full light of consciousness. In doing so I should have shown in detail how

all the reproaches and the suspicious conclusions drawn from them do not refer to me at all but had been directed to me in error although completely according to the law of transference. So there remained in the patient a most distressing impression which augmented the resistance. The wife's illness increased, and caused serious anxiety, about which I did not learn till much later. External disturbances aggravated the negative transference and thus there came to pass the very situation which the portrait expressed in a disguised form, namely, the patient wished no longer to be in the company of the malicious and repellent analyst.

Discussion of February 6th.

It was not until February 6th that an analytical discussion (the ninth) again took place, or in fact the desire for one arose on the part of José. Meanwhile events of great import had taken place, which I cannot describe in detail. His wife had narrowly escaped death. The illness had not brought her nearer to her husband. On the contrary, occurrences which I must not relate had given rise to suspicion of the husband's fidelity and on several sides she had been advised to sue for a divorce. She had indeed taken steps to give effect to this decision. On this account her husband was plunged into terrible grief, which found vent in convulsive sobbing and disgust with life. He poured out ungovernable hatred on his wife's advisers, and while hitherto he had esteemed lightly the civil form of

marriage and would only admit free union, he wished now to exercise the rights of lord and master more violently than the law allows. At the same time he was, quite correctly, firmly convinced that his wife really still loved him fervently, and that it was not possible that such a flaming passion as his should remain unreturned.

I tried first to obtain a few additional points in connexion with the first portrait.

(The form of the right eye?)

A lake in France. Near by a sacrificial stone with hollows in which to lay the heads and hands of the people slaughtered there. A scorpion-like animal, its body swollen with poison. In a portrait of my wife I painted two scorpion-like tongue-tips like tentacles.

These statements were not characteristic enough to prove historical sources of the picture. Moreover, they brought nothing new. We therefore turned to the analysis of a dream. The

DREAM

was two days old and was as follows:

I am with a friend, an author. He shows me a note-book in the form of a tear-off block but the leaves do not tear off. It is gilt-edged and the pages themselves have turned quite yellow. Many of the pages are filled with writing in a thin old-world hand, in ink which is brown and half illegible with age. My friend showed them to me and stripped off the leaves before my eyes. I said only: "Alas! those are the many important and beautiful things which you have written.

(The author friend?)

I should like to work with him. He is not a revolutionary, he wishes outwardly to assume a correct attitude. He is a believer in just government, but in opposition to the existing state of things.

(The note-book?)

As children, we had little books, and when we turned the pages, we saw moving figures. Somebody was killed or people danced about. Precursor of the cinema.

(The gilt-edged leaves?)

Hideous photograph albums at the houses of

friends and relations. Boring afternoons in families. The gold of the note-book was, however, much more dainty and delicate, far superior to the gold of the photograph albums. Money also might be a good thing if it were used to better purposes, but now it is turned to vulgar and stupid ends like photograph-albums.

(The note-book turned yellow?)

Defence against puffing advertisement, shrieking, and importunate novelty. There is something not quite spontaneous in my friend's attitude and from this he has built up a kind of traditional good tone and I fall in with this. This finds expression in my occasional sentimentality about the gracious things of bygone times, such as antique portraits of about 1850.

(Many pages filled with writing in a thin old-world hand.)

The handwriting in itself is very unpleasant to me, but my author friend's is very pleasant. On the other hand, I have a distinct aesthetic stimulus from the brown handwriting on the yellowed paper, which contributes to make the book important to me.

I should like to do as my friend does, that is, while maintaining my own principles, to adopt an externally correct attitude. I go back to my childhood, when I took pleasure in those simple, movable pictures. My surroundings at that time were certainly in some respects hideously tasteless and boring, but there was also much that was beautiful and valuable in them, which was not, however, rightly used. I perceive that in those traditional forms which reject puffing advertisement and importunate novelty, in the sentimental and gentle things of the past such as antique pictures, there also lies much that is aesthetically valuable.

We see then that José has not yet given up his opposition to the existing state of things, but he recognizes that it is not a wild love of novelty and anarchy without tradition which

will best achieve justice, but rather a linking up with the beautiful and valuable characteristics of the past.

Out of this explanation arose a conversation in which my patient revealed important new views. He had recognized that he was impelled unceasingly to destroy his own happiness, owing to his tendency to self-torment. He said himself that no one could live with him if he remained as hitherto. He was overwhelmed by the alternations between his enormous vitality on the one hand and his complete mental stagnation on the other.

10th Session (February 11th).

José brings a number of earlier drawings with him, in particular a portrait which indeed no one would have recognized as such, but which is of great value to him as a most concentrated portrait of himself. As it was already several months old he proposed to improvise a new one, to which of course I gladly agreed. In six minutes, twenty seconds, he made the sketch, reproduced in Fig. 4.

While drawing, he said: "It is becoming somewhat poetic, because tear-drops are falling from my mouth. When I am driven by compulsion, so many things occur to me strangely. Inwardly I struggle against it. This drawing is going to be very beautiful, very sad, very strange! The picture is not so clear as the one I brought with me but much more lyrical. Now I know why I can draw

well to-day: I had to paint a disgusting "kitsch" portrait this afternoon and this is the reaction against the violence which I offered to my better knowledge."

Hereupon he handed me the paper with the remark: "It is terribly deep! I should like to draw something more, so that the draughtsmanship might be rather better." Then he made thicker the tuft of hair over the nose and continued: "Now I am a bit upset by the drawing. Probably on account of the business with my wife, who wishes to have a separation from me. I can no longer think of anything else." I asked him to copy the sketch so that the original might not be spoilt by his additions, and so that the characteristic traits might stand out more distinctly with the repetition of the reactions. Meantime he remarked: "I know now that I am sad because of my wife."

Now I laid his drawing before him and asked him to express his opinion of it. He did so in the following manner:

Shoulder and *breast* are made quite narrow

and small. I have never before been so successful with them. When I look at *the whole* I am struck with the size of the head. All pain lies there: the body is squeezed together: the whole is flying away somewhere towards the star which is flung out at the end of the hair, as it were, like an arm out of the head. In the whole face is sorrow without any real power of resistance. The whole expresses a broken cry.

The *left eye* is as though compressed under a heavy load. The glance seems only to escape from the eye which can no longer see.

The *cheek* below this eye is hard and as though forged out of metal.

The *load* above crushes the eye almost on to the cheek-bone. This eye is—alas, now I have it! I see what it is in reality! The rectangular *cheek* is the malice of my wife, the eye is myself.

The *hair* is her physician. He crushes me with the help of my wife's apathy and indifference.

(Please do not interpret, but simply state without criticism all ideas.)

The *right eye* is freed from pressure and moved by the same intensity. It is terribly jerked up so that in this eye is expressed descriptively what is experienced in the other and in it can be seen horror at this situation.

The direction of the *outermost tear* which differs from that of the other; tears coming from the mouth indicate that it proceeds from the eye, but in other respects it belongs to the mouth-tears, since the eye is to express simply hopeless and self-contained grief mingled with fear. It is better when I make a drawing here than when I bring one with me.

The *three wrinkles on the forehead* are like rather ridiculous feathers, but nevertheless the expression of genuinely felt pain. May I say something about my own person?

(Yes.)

That reminds me of situations concerning myself, in which it seemed to me as if things which meant painful suffering to me appeared merely laughable to other people.

The *head above the right eye* is bald and looks disconsolate as if moth-eaten, covered with short down.

The *nose* is almost identical with a lock of hair down the middle of the face and in the drawing is conceived more as a fissure eaten into the head than as issuing from it. Only the lobe of the nostril stands out.

The *mouth* is as I have frequently seen it in Japanese wood-cuts in actors' houses, and to me signifies something quite true, namely, that it is sometimes permissible to use conventional forms which are not of one's own invention, in order to conceal oneself behind them and through the mouths of others to express seriously one's own meaning, In this case it is even in painful earnest, for *tears* are falling from the mouth.

(Whither?)

A moment! I have something else to say. Alas! there is no sense in philosophizing. I wanted to make several reflections upon the fact—how can one express it correctly?—that one makes use of something that is not

entirely one's own. I should like to express it still more precisely : I often make a mouth like this, it has a meaning, but it is an effort to me to make out exactly what it is.

The *line under the left eye down to the chin* reminds me of my wife's bed which is curved like this.

The *ear* is like a doll's eye.

The *star* is the goal I am striving to reach.

Above the left eye is a *white surface.* I imagine to myself that an arm goes through it and reaches out yearningly and hopefully for the star.

The *hair* represents the evil looks which denote the enmity and hatred of others. It is snake-like, and crosses my path towards the star.

With these associations, José thought he had done all that the analyst could reasonably require of him. But I had to inform him that now a second series of ideas must be retrieved in order to be able to interpret definitely and accurately. The patient submitted unwillingly.

(Shoulder and breast ?)

It is a terrible strain. I hate the analysis.

(Shoulder and breast?)

When I was a little boy I was photographed with my scraggy chest. Probably I was then, as now, going through a stage of depression. At that time it was of great importance to me to make an impression upon girls without knowing the right way to set about it.

(The left eye as though oppressed by a load. Please, historical remembrances?)

My mother's eye. She often had a sad look. Balcony and verandah of our villa. At that time I drew many portraits, I was eighteen. I encouraged her to draw also as she had done when young. We became great friends. I drew her too. Her eyes had a very fine, but suffering, expression. And seemingly she was not aware of this. A man friend of hers had died.

(The cheek hard like metal?

The cheeks of my father, of fine, strong bone.

(Metal?)

Inexorable resistance. My father was a violent man. Now something absurd occurs

to me: The rectangular formation of the cheek reminds me of the rectangular arm-chair in which my father used to sit with incredibly stagey impressiveness but an impressiveness which I nevertheless respected.

(The right eye?)

The greatest fright of my life: When a few years ago I was going home without a lantern one night, I suddenly heard something running quickly straight at me so that I stood still, horrified, rooted to the spot. Then a hare pursued by a dog darted past me.

(The tears out of the mouth?)

Shrieks which have become almost seen as well as heard. So penetrating that they have even become tears. A little operation when I was three or four years old. They wanted to cut out my tonsils and therefore chloroformed me. I shrieked fearfully.

(A tear out of the eye?)

It has already become a heavenly body, floating alone through the world. A tear that one weeps when one is quite alone, not in the least for effect.

(The three wrinkles?)

Less important. The hair standing on end is more important.

(The three wrinkles?)

A little dead sparrow, which we had taken out of the nest and put back again. The old ones threw it out of the nest. I had often shot sparrows and mice; in doing so I had killed a mouse; then I felt it as cruelty for the first time, and I was sorry for it. I was eight years old.

(The hair standing on end?)

Shall I think, not in a psychological way, but recall a reminiscence? I should like to take refuge from unpleasant recollections, (which were absent from me while I was drawing,) in pleasant ones. A woman with whom I once had relations told me I looked best when my hair was in confusion.

(The downy spot above the right eye?)

Bismarck had huge eyebrows which I often painted. My own opposition towards making any effort.

(The nose as a lock of hair?)

Hair clotted with blood which I often had, especially at one time when I had hurt my head. It was quite pleasant to me for I became a hero among all the others.

(The line from the base of the nose to the chin?)

There you have a wrinkle. My teacher and my mother used perhaps to take me by the chin, tilt it a little and look affectionately at me.

(The imaginary arm clutching at the star?)

It goes through the whole body. The Ego that falls from me.

Nothing more at all was obtainable. We now approach the interpretation.

The head as a whole expresses very great pain, which compresses the body below it; in addition, remembrance of a stage of depression as a little boy when the patient to his sorrow could make no impression on girls.

Interpretation:

I am in a deeply unhappy, depressed condition, because just as when I was a little boy, I can make no impression on a woman (my wife).

The *left eye compressed* under a heavy load and prevented from seeing ; in addition, remembrance of the mother with whom our patient was on very affectionate terms and who was troubled by the death of a (platonically loved) man friend.

I am similarly troubled as my mother was after the death of her friend, yes, still more troubled and depressed, for I am prevented from seeing clearly.

(After his loss the patient takes refuge in the mother, thus in consequence of the check to his love, effects a regression to his first love. Identification is frequently a proof of love.)

The part of the *forehead above the left eye* betokens the load oppressing the eye. We shall meet with it again.

The *cheek* is said to concern the malice of the wife ; in addition, recollection of the inexorably violent father who brooked no opposition and inspired respect even though the whole of his impressive manner was not genuine. That means :

What oppresses me is sullenness and inexorable

violence against which I can now no more prevail than I could in days gone by against my father. The mock impressiveness I meet with makes the state of things only the more painful.

(If the reference back to the mother expresses tenderness, the behaviour of the wife awakens the harsh traits of the father to new unconscious activity, but also the hysterical insincerity of the wife's affections recalls the false impressiveness of the father. That the artist inserts the hard-as-metal cheek of the father in his portrait of himself betrays that he is himself conscious of the traits typified by it.)

The *hair* refers to the doctor who counselled the wife to a divorce ; at the conclusion of the first series of associations it refers to evil looks, enmity, and hatred among others. Interpretation :

The first cause of my oppression lies in the wickedness, enmity and hatred of others.

(Through this the characteristics in his wife to which he objected were strengthened, hence the diminution of the eye.)

The *right eye* free from pressure but feeling just as intensely, sees with horror what is taking place in the other eye. In addition, horror over a hare pursued by a dog. This says :

I look in horror on this situation, like a hare pursued by a dog.

The tears flowing from the mouth—as it were embodied shrieks of despair—recall an operation which the patient as a child tried in vain to ward off by fearful shrieks. This means :

By loud lamentation I seek to prevent the threatened removal of my wife, but in vain !

(The artist on one of his last visits to his wife, when he vainly tried to induce her to abandon the divorce proceedings, had burst into convulsive sobs.)

The *tear coming from the eye* recalls a heavenly body floating along, and genuine pain, therefore :

I am suffering from genuinely-felt sorrow, great as the world.

The three wrinkles on the forehead recall genuinely-felt pain which merely appears

ridiculous to others : in addition the thought of a sparrow taken out of the nest and put back again, which was cast out by the old ones and died ; remorse for sparrow-shooting hitherto carried on heartlessly.

My grief is genuine although it may make an impression of insincerity ; I am deeply grieved and remorseful because I have lost my wife who is also cast off by her parents. In earlier days there would have been more ground for remorse but I did not feel it then.

The downy spot over the right eye as if moth-eaten is bald and makes me miserable ; Bismarck's heavy eyebrows present opposition to further efforts :

In my desolate, comfortless situation I will no longer act the strong-willed Bismarck.

The *nose* resembling a lock of hair imagined as a cleft ; scuffling-scenes in which the patient felt himself a hero. A week before making the sketch there had been a very vehement and insulting interview between himself and his wife's doctor and lawyer. This attests :

I do not repent that when attacked in my most intimate concerns I fought violently and was hurt ; I fought like a hero.

The line from the base of the nose to the chin recalls comforting, loving persons in childhood. Again regression to the tender mother. Meaning:

The thought of a kind teacher and of my mother comforts me.

The *mouth* is like the Japanese actor. He hides behind conventional forms, but is nevertheless in earnest, therefore tears falling from the mouth!

Although I made a theatrical appearance I was nevertheless in earnest.

(By the patient's wish I suppress here some ideas which are not of great importance for the whole picture.)

The *ear* is like a doll's ear.

There is something childish in me also.

The *star* is the goal towards which the patient is striving. It betokens something ideal.

The *white surface* above the left eye is traversed by the arm reaching yearningly and hopefully towards the star. This arm passes through the whole body. The star betokens

the Ego falling from the patient; we add for the sake of simplicity the following last idea:

The hair represents evil looks, but also recalls a woman who thought that untidy hair became José. On the other hand it crosses the path to the star. We interpret approximately as follows:

Something rnnning through my whole being yearns hopefully, amid all the enmity of men and amid all my chaotic impulses, towards an ideal which answers to my better self.

It only remains for us to gather up what has been already said. In doing so we remember especially the introductory idea: The whole is flying away somewhere to the star which like the end of the hair is flung out as it were like an arm out of the head. In the whole face pain without real power of resistance. The whole a broken cry. Accordingly we obtain the following train of thought which omits the unessential but nevertheless gives the

Meaning of the Picture.

I am in a profoundly unhappy oppressed condition, forsaken by my fervently-loved wife, hampered in free outlook, standing helpless in face of malice, brutal violence, and pompous pretence, pursued by wickedness, enmity and hatred, repulsed by inexorable violence, hunted like a hare by a dog, powerless also in my lamentation, sunk in genuine pain great as the world, although my grief appears theatrical: with no will of my own, wounded in heroic struggle, in particulars a child, only comforted by the remembrance of a tender mother and a kind teacher; but despite this grievous situation, which really implies pain without power of resistance to my misfortunes, my whole being yearns fervently and hopefully towards an ideal which corresponds to my true self.

Sitting of February 18th

I lay before José the report of the last conversation and give him the interpretation of his picture. He is surprised, but convinces himself of its correctness. The pain of the threatened loss of his wife, whom he loves passionately, fills his consciousness. He says that owing to morbid jealousy, fantasies of uspicion have arisen in her which she has communicated to malevolent advisers. These have in their turn stirred up the thought of separation. But at bottom his incensed wife still loves him, for he persists that it is not possible that an intensity of love like his which has been returned by the first love of a woman of equally warm feelings could be despised.

I further drew his attention to the fact that in his sketch one eye is depicted as ex-

periencing, the other as observing. He states that this simultaneous experience and observation occurs in all his pictures.

As he is incessantly occupied with his wife I propose to him to draw a portrait of her which he does immediately (fig. 5). In exactly five minutes the work is finished. Meantime he remarks: "Remarkable that I paint a sun and a moon in all the pictures of my wife!—I make her laughing devilishly, yes, she reminds me of a scene of yesterday; I was in a tram with another lady, I stood with a lady at a stopping-place. Then my wife laughingly drew her companion's attention to me, to the fact that I was again standing there with a lady. I have painted her fearfully angry, but beautiful."

(Now express your opinion about the whole and the parts of the portrait.)

It gives the impression of a frantically loved, inexpressibly dangerous idol.

The *right eye* has a gentle look and seems, as it were, melting with love. The eye seems to hover in the shape of a beautiful pearl.

Below the right eye in the shape of a *half-*

moon a shadow like two arms yearningly stretches upwards.

High above *in the hair* hangs a human being beseeching or despairing.

The *hair* itself is like wild Indian plants with snake-heads, and represents at the same time a Greek Alpha.

The *hair to the right* of the eye is a tangled, fantastic, beautiful undergrowth-ornament similar to those found at the entrance to secret Indian temples, soundless, but of great power.

(The forehead?) It recalls another woman.

The *left eye* threatens murder and crime, and also contains a streak in the form of a cat's eye. The eye appears to revolve in its socket like a ball or a sun; that accounts for the little strokes projecting over the edge, which at the same time express the movement.

The *nose* is small and altogether such as I desire in women.

The *nostril* is a black pearl.

The *mouth* together with the left cheek is crescent-shaped and full of sorrow. There

appear to be no teeth in the mouth, but only a hollow, warm, velvety space.

The *chin* has an anatomical shape.

The *lower lip* reminds me of some kind of death in which eyes were put out.

The *neck* is like a pedestal under the head of an Egyptian deity.

That is all.

(The right eye as if dying away in a transport of love?)

Somnambulist. The look of an eye dying away in a transport of love is like that of a person walking in a trance-condition.

(Imagine and think historically.)

Quite spontaneously my sister occurs to me. She once came quite suddenly rushing into our bedroom while walking in her sleep.

(The gentle look?)

Another woman whom I consider a very good comrade, and who would never leave me in the lurch in an awkward situation, in contrast to my wife whom I consider a traitor. This gentle look is a sign of friendship which I value above everything, but in this picture it is

only a sign of deceptive friendship meaning no more than passing embraces.

(The eye hovers in the form of a beautiful pearl?)

My own eye when I am quiet and safe and am painting a good picture.

(The half-moon under the right eye?)

The half-moon as symbol of the night expresses that the beauties of the eye, that is, the beautiful experiences lying in the expression of the eye, can only be obtained in the shadow of the night. Yes, that is very good! For this reason sun and moon always come before me in my wife's face but the sun's eye is hard and inspires fear.

(The shape among the hair?)

I drew it consciously. I should like to be a part of her, entangled in her hair, far from the other catastrophes conveyed in her face.

(The hair above like Indian plants with a snake's head?)

Jungles and strange insects which one does not see as they are quite disguised, one is,

however, afraid of them for they sting like scorpions.

(The hair to the right of the eye a tangled, fantastic, beautiful undergrowth-ornament like those at the entrance to Indian temples?)

A strong original ornament which formerly originated in great pain, great voluptuousness and great passion, but now forms a beautiful if terrible ornament. The whole is shot through with many different colours.

(The forehead recalls another woman?)

The whole picture is much more like her than my wife. She was my loved one, my friend.

(The left eye?)

The hateful poem: "The sun brings it to light."

(The white streak in the form of a cat's eye?)

A magnificent tiger's eye which I drew in the Zoological Gardens. The many glorious cats' eyes which I have seen immobile in beauty.

(The eye like a ball or sun?)

Cruelty governs the world, it is nevertheless beautiful, it is radiant. The sun is evil, but beautiful.

(The nose is such as I desire in women?)

I saw a nose like that years ago in the tram and noted it in my sketch-book as most beautiful. My wife, too, has a nose of that kind. When she fetched her clothes from my house last week she was infinitely beautiful. I do not know any other woman with a nose like that.

(The mouth like a crescent, with a scornful wry twitch?)

My wife's arms, neck, and breast.

(Toothless mouth, warm, velvety space?)

The softness of the embrace is here symbolized by the softness of the mouth.

(The chin has an anatomical form?)

The jawbone of an ass with which the Philistines were slain. Delilah betrayed her Samson and called the Philistines upon him. To this belongs also the pointed wicked *lower lip* which my wife does not possess at all in reality.

(It recalls a kind of death in which the eyes were put out?)

Mine are put out, I seem to myself to be blind and sad.

(The neck like a pedestal under Egyptian idols?)

A very beautiful negro plastic work which I possess. It has a somnambulist's look.

(Pedestal under heads of Egyptian deities?)

I saw a "kitsch" plastic work which had a stand as its base.

(Heads of Egyptian deities?)

Impression of profoundest knowledge and of highest proofs of human (i.e. of my own) intensity and creative power. They do not make a good impression, but they are great,, beyond morality, a kind of identification of freedom. I should like to set my wife on a pedestal like that and keep her by me like an Egyptian deity, love her when I wish, and turn away from her when I wish.

So far the reactions to the portrait. We pass to the exposition, although we still desired the elucidation of several points. *The right*

eye as though dying away in a transport of love awakens the impression of trance-like condition as in a somnambulist; it might refer to the somnambulist sister. The gentle look recalls a faithful friend in contrast to the treacherous wife whose friendship is only promised in the ecstasy of love: the beautiful eye as a pearl near his own eye in moments of quiet, successful artistic creation.

Meaning:

My wife who promises friendship in the ecstasy of love while her real thoughts are far away, is, in contrast to my faithful friend, a traitor who only in the transport of love is capable of the strongest feelings and the highest beauty while I attain to these things in artistic creation.

We see from this that José has seen his neurotic sister in his wife and transferred to the wife the feelings felt towards the sister in childhood. Through all his passion for the wife, a former loved one whose unchangeable faithfulness is emphasized, gains in estimation in the unconscious.

The shape among the hair beseeching or in

despair is to express that the patient would like to be a part of her and entangled in her hair, but far from the catastrophes conveyed in her face. Interpretation:

Beseeching and despairing as I am at present I should like to be altogether merged in my wife, but blind to her bad traits.

The hair above: Indian plants with snakes' heads; jungles with dangerously-stinging insects, difficult to distinguish.

Alone I hover there in constant danger from poisonous snakes and mischievous insects.

The half-moon shaped shadow under the eye: symbol of night, two yearningly out-stretched arms; only in the shadow of night do the desirable experiences which speak out of the eye realize themselves. Interpretation:

Only in the shadow of night can I enjoy what I yearn for—the love of my wife.

The hair to the right: Tangled, fantastic, beautiful undergrowth-ornament at the entrance to secret Indian temples; formerly great pain, great voluptuousness, now terrible, beautiful, shot through with many different colours:

My wife is a tangled, fantastic, beautiful creature, but superficial, shot through with many-changing colours, once affording me great pain and great voluptuousness, now chiefly terrible to me.

The *forehead* recalls a former loved one whom the picture as a whole resembles more than the wife. As we obtained no further particulars about her, we can only interpret vaguely :

My wife is also like the former loved one.

We refrain from collecting further spontaneous ideas and acknowledge once again how helpless the analyst would generally be without the associated spontaneous ideas.

The *left eye* : It threatens with murder and other crimes, tiger-like and cat-like, swift and motionlessly beautiful. Like revolving balls or sun : The sun governs the world cruelly yet splendidly. We venture the interpretation :

My wife has the destructive and murderous traits of a beautiful tiger ; she is my sun who governs me cruelly but from whom nevertheless a glorious light streams upon me.

The uninitiated will probably be surprised that the sun appears as the symbol of cruelty. We

know from Freud that this body often denotes the father (Jahr. f. psychoanalyt. Forschungen, Vol. V., 588). Is it possible that now again harsh traits of the father have been transferred to the wife as in the last picture? For the time being we conceal our suspicion and resolve to collect further associations.

The *nose* is the one he likes best in women, it was sketched in the tram and later found again in the wife; the infinite beauty of the latter.

My wife is really beautiful.

So far as I can judge hardly anyone will withhold from the young wife the possession of extraordinary charm.

The *mouth* with the left cheek crescent-shaped and full of sorrow, scornfully twitching, toothless, recalls soft embraces.

My wife is painfully cruel in her scorn, but her embraces are soft.

We left a few ideas out of consideration as they were not made plain by further reactions.

The *chin* anatomically formed recalls the jawbone of an ass with which Samson, betrayed

by his Delilah, slew a thousand Philistines. Meaning:

Could I only with your ass's jawbone, you faithless Delilah, slay the pack of Philistines (doctor and lawyer) which you have brought against me!

The enraged man therewith denotes the passionately loved wife as an ass, and himself as the giant Samson. To this the following association points:

The *lower lip* recalls putting out the eyes and killing; I myself seem to be blind and sad.

You have had my eyes put out, and wish to kill me outright, you crafty Delilah!

We remember here the left compressed eye hindered from seeing in the painter's portrait of himself.

The *neck* is said to be like the pedestal under an Egyptian idol; in addition negro plastic work with a somnambulist's look, "kitsch" plastic work, which could not stand without such a pedestal; heads of Egyptain deities as the expression of highest wisdom and of human creative power; a bad, moral impression; the wife ought to be set on such a pedestal to be loved or forsaken at will.

To these are added the initial remarks which preceded all the individual cases; the wife always portrayed with sun and moon; I painted her laughing devilishly on account of the scene of the day before, when she saw me standing with a lady: I painted her terrible but beautiful.

You are like an Egyptian image of a god, full of secret knowledge and creative power like me, equipped with somnambulist traits, but at the same time "kitschig," requiring a prop, making an evil impression. I should like you to be free from moral considerations, and so in my power that I could love and neglect you at will.

Approximately the following train of thought is yielded as the Interpretation of the hidden meaning which was put into the portrait of the wife:

My wife combines with beauty and ecstatic power of love grave faults of character, such as faithlessness, a malicious nature like that of a poisonous snake, a confused, fantastic, outwardly ever-changing nature, cruelty like that of a beast of prey, cutting scorn, death-dealing cunning; the whole forms a picture diabolical in its laughter but yet beautiful, which, despite all the dangers, and sorrows it brings with it, drives me to piteous pleading and to despair, to yearning for ardent love

and to fear, to admiring obedience and to contempt, so that, free from moral considerations, I should like sometimes to worship her fervently, sometimes coldly to scorn her.

It is already possible to suggest provisionally why José always represents his wife with sun and moon. The sun seems to represent the father and thereby to express the hard, disagreeable traits characteristic of the wife as of the father. In this we remember the general fact that a very slight similarity suffices to project on to the later object with its small defects, the greater faults of the earlier object of thought, so that the later object is most unjustly estimated. The moon represents the mother-like lovable traits, especially also external charm, softness of disposition. That there are contradictory traits in the wife is to be admitted without more ado, otherwise she could not have said: "I cannot possibly live without my husband, but also I cannot possibly live with him!" But it is just as certainly established that our patient projects his own inner discord on to his wife. As in his own portrait in the two dis-

parate halves he analyses himself as an experiencing and an observing person, so here in the wife's likeness. It is psychologically most interesting how the two pairs of eyes correspond to one another: The man's left and the woman's right eye (that is his immediate environment) embody *traits of the mother* which are to be symbolized by the *moon*, namely soft feeling and love. The right eye in the man's picture (that is his immediate environment) and the left one in the woman's portrait, on the other hand, represent *traits of the father* which find their expression in the *sun*: The cheek spoke of the father's violence and inflexibility hard as steel; in attributing this feature to himself the artist acknowledges also the characteristics denoted by it; but even then the malice of the wife had been added by remembrance and now her left eye is to refer to the sun which governs everything with cruelty.

Sun and moon are also found in a *portrait* of the analyst which has not been analysed. (Fig. 3).

The discord is, as in most love-marriages,

common to both. *What they love and hate in each other is at bottom the finding again of their own desired and abhorred characteristics.* Neurotics of this kind do not understand one another because they do not understand themselves, and they never find a just objective measure for one another because they do not possess one for themselves, and do not notice that they see in the other the expression of that which they unconsciously attribute in thought to themselves. This unconscious confusion in love and hate I have shown in my book "Die psychanalytische Methode" (p. 173, 226 sq., 282, and elsewhere).

Session of March 4th

José reports: "I see that I must somehow get myself another centre from which to take my line of conduct, but I do not know how to achieve this from my alterations of feeling and thought which bring me to grief when I give myself up to them; I have the feeling that I am completely isolated, that I am suspended in the air; I have had the feeling that I am exposed on every side as long as I was conscious of thought."

Worried by the thought that he is seriously threatened with the loss of his wife he has addressed a long letter to her in which he tells her among other things how greatly he has suffered during the last eighteen months from his consciousness of man's futility. To overcome this feeling has been his passionate desire which has resulted in an outburst of creative

power from time to time. Although he had a conception of what he really wanted, he has never been successful in finding a fitting expression, so that in his search he fell from one extreme to another. In this he has not been understood or supported by his wife. Every contradiction has driven him to fury, and his art has been rent in pieces by all these struggles.

After reading this letter he began the following pen-drawing which was completed in two minutes. Then he explained it as follows:—

(Fig. 6:) The Drowned Man. "The whole represents a drowned man under the waves. The tips of his shoes and his knees appear out of the water. The moon and a fish are looking on. But I did not draw the picture consciously. At the beginning I only wanted to sketch undulating lines without thought of water. The eyes, nose and mouth are visible."

(What strikes you in this drawing?)

The cramped *shoulder-line* and the *elbows* tied together as it were, pressed to the back.

The *hands* are approximately like fins as if they had already been a long time in their element.

The *body* is twisted like a screw. It is cut into two by a few *undulations over the breast* as was the case before when the moon seemed to cut through the body.

The *legs* have lost all hold and are floating sideways.

The *head* and the *upper part of the body* would like to raise themselves right up and cannot, hence the cramped position. The head and the part separated by a line, the arms and the breast, would like to get up to the moon and cannot.

The *fish* looks on. You are sitting here and writing.

(The cramped shoulder line ?)

It has nothing to do with the stiffness of the neck. One gets cramp in the neck when one is staring at someone.

(The eyes ?)

Already quite full of water, become half-dead like the eyes of fish just before they die.

The *mouth* is like a rotten flower. The whole body is wavy owing to the water washing through it.

(The hands like fins?)

In a very old part of the town I saw something similar; they were clean and appetizing, but inwardly already putrid. The fins are also very beautiful in Böcklin's picture "Triton and Nereids." With such fins the Triton who was standing quite on the top of the waves beat upon the water.

The *points of the feet* are as if tied together or nailed through. Christ nailed to the cross. Right! When the picture is turned upside down it represents a man nailed to the cross. Like one of the thieves. Only the head is like Jesus himself. The legs are bent sideways by the waves. When I had drawn the waves I knew already that a drowned man was going to be depicted.

Without any constraint the interpretation is forthcoming:

I seem to myself to be a half-dead, half-rotten, almost drowned man, tossed about helplessly by the

waves and brought into a terribly cramped, twisted position, a sub-human, sensual being (Triton) *but not as in the days of wanton and saucy lovegames* (Böcklin's painting) *but with the last vestige of strength desiring the mother* (moon) *without being able to reach her, exposed to the impudent gaze of the analyst* (fish), *thief and Christ in one person.*

We realize a deep depression which left only a feeble desire to live. The regression to the mother effected by the feared loss of the wife stands out; in a striking manner the fantasy of the bisected body, with which we are already familiar, automatically recurs in the parts shone upon by the moon, striving towards the star hovering above the water. I leave the question open whether the two unequally drawn eyes again express sun and moon; a certain similarity suggests this. The remembrance of Böcklin's Triton is no doubt to be taken as the argument: Because I played with love in a shameless, loose way I am now in misery. The touchingly-drawn figure of the Crucified with its reference to the thief and to Christ expresses the two tendencies

of our patient: The feeling of worthlessness and overweening estimation of himself.

But unfortunately the picture also reveals a forcible negative transference to the analyst who is symbolized as a disagreeable spectator. As fish also enjoy a bad reputation as devourers of corpses, a still worse design is perhaps imputed to him. It was not possible for me to remove by analytical means the ban from José who was interested only in his love-affair and, as we know, had all his life adopted a distrustful defensive attitude towards people. José belongs to the most refractory class of patients I have ever met. His fine intelligence attracted him to the analysis, but the more deeply he was engrossed in his emotions the more did he fail in respect to the scientific investigation. So in this difficult time he again allowed several weeks to elapse before the next meeting.

Consultation of March 25th.

The condition of the patient has become worse as his love conflicts have gained the upper hand. The old oppression and congestions have appeared again. The opposition to the analysis has increased, José explains: "I do not want my love-affair to undergo a change through analysis." I endeavour to make clear to him that in his love also he displays the fatal cleavage which characterizes all his pictures and which prevents a full life-development, that he *dreams* a great mass of painful childish experiences into his relationships and thus attributes to his marriage and love many unreal, spurious constituent parts. I remind him that he does not take his wife for what she is: he expects from her what she cannot give, and on the other hand is unable to value very much that is beautiful and worthy

in what she offers him, and often wrongs her by projecting into her the traits of other people. He sees it; as I say the word "dream into" he joins in with a very nice expression "experience into." But I detect that my words do not produce any effect. Perhaps he detects instinctively that his wife who is still experiencing neurosis and who obviously loved him according to the demands of her neurosis, will find him uninteresting as a man freed from the bonds of infantility and neurosis. At any rate the negative transference in José (so negative in his tendencies in general) is still very strong and the desire for inward liberation is much weaker than the wish to obtain again the possession of his wife. This is borne out by the fact that he reproaches me for not taking his love problem seriously enough, because in fact I regarded it only as one aspect, though a most important one, of the life-problem. I should have preferred to confine myself entirely to analytical work, but José was not to be persuaded to this. Very strong negative transference is evidenced also by the clutching

at the neck : The man who has become weak wishes to play the stiff-necked man. I learnt later that gossip, against which the analyst is of course powerless, had called forth mistrust.

Asked to make a sketch of anything he liked José drew the following picture in about a minute and a half : (Fig. 7 : The Bird).

Explanations : "When I began and drew the beak I knew only that a bird was to be produced, nothing else. The object in the left claw was to become a mysterious roll of paper, but it has become a kind of dagger or carrot. The wings beating in rapture express agony. The right claw stands on a hill which appears to be formed of waves of water. Above is a musical staff forming a bench and notes, the lowest of which is G ; another is D and recalls the form of the sign of infinity, and also the figure 5, which means bad luck for me. It was the worst mark at school.

((The bird ?))

Young, full-grown.

((The roll of paper ?))

From one like that my mother took a sheet

to wrap up my bread and butter when she sent me to school in the morning, when often it was still almost dark or half-light. When she came with the roll of paper it was always the time to start.

((Dagger ?))

A heroic symbol, a manly weapon. But sexually-symbolically it betokens here a childish condition.

((Carrots ?))

At fourteen years of age I was very fond of them. I washed them under the tap. At that time I loved a girl and in the remembrance of her I began the first auto-erotic excesses.

((The hill under the right claw ?))

The hill from which Venus Anadyomene rises. My wife.

((The staff forming a bench))

A bench in a friend's garden, with whom I spent the happiest days of my life. In constant happiness I painted beautiful pictures, quite in impressionist style without problems, quite objective but sentimental.

((The note G ?))

A pleasant soft tone.

((D?)) Mysterious, but marked "infinite." The 5 is threatening, unpleasant; it recalls the evil eye of my wife; usually not wicked, on the contrary beautiful and kind.

We interpret approximately thus:

I am like a young, strong bird but I am driven out into the night and fog by my wife who resembles my mother, my manly power is reduced to childish powerlessness so that I may cool my desire (carrot) *and may find again like an unhappy boy in love only an infantile form of satisfaction; I resemble a dying bird which on the one hand gives intense expression to threatening danger, on the other to soft, sweet remembrances; what alone supports me is the hope that my wife, now angry, it is true, but otherwise beautiful and good, will rise from the waves of death like Venus new-born.*

That the wave-motive appears again although it is unsuitable to the scenery shows that the mood in the depth of the Soul has changed since the last time. Otherwise this could not be understood. But while the consciousness expresses a deterioration, an alleviation has already taken place in the unconscious or the pre-conscious.

The drawing is, in formal respects much less "wild" than those drawn at the time when the opposition to the father (more plainly expressed) controlled the psychological picture. With the mother unity of artistic formation has taken place and with it harmony of content. But we cannot overlook the fact that in the somewhat soft forms of expression there lies *that sickly sentimentality which is the punishment for the suppression of the manly traits of strong will-power.* The higher synthesis of the father and mother, of the active and the passive tendency, of the desire to rule and the subjection of the self, of the will and the feeling, has not yet been obtained, the disruption of the personality and the surrender to infantility have remained.

Consultation of March 30th.

My visitor tells me that he has perceived that the analysis is a help in taking up an attitude to the dark powers. He says that to-day he feels well disposed for drawing. A first

FIG. 8: THE FLOWER I.

attempt is broken off as his fountain-pen runs dry (Fig. 8). When it has been refilled the conception is lost.

José decides to make a new sketch. In almost exactly two minutes the following sketch has been completed:

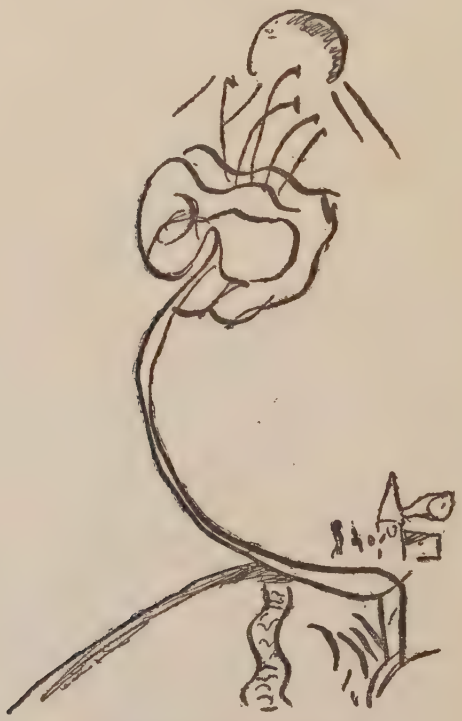

FIG. 9: THE FLOWER II.

While drawing he remarks (after thirty seconds): "I have found a new symbol, something wonderful, remarkable, something that does not yet exist." *Description:* Above are the sun and moon. The picture is beautiful and organic. The union of sun and moon. Psycho-analysis as release. The sun protects and shines upon the flower. The flower is my wife's person. The stamens are the delicacies of feeling like the antennæ in a snail. They tell me how my wife tried to touch me gently but I repulsed her roughly. The flower makes a gentle, lovely curve but stands fast in the earth. Quite in the background is a church out of which a few people are coming as to a funeral. Above a joyful bell is sounding from the tower. At the foot of the flower are grasses which mysteriously hide its origin. It is a most beautiful drawing, the most beautiful I have made with you. The line leading from the left to the flower betokens the earth. It suggests complete harmony and helps the flower to rhythmical movement and lends completion to

its beauty. Then in the middle a little stream flows down. The waves look like a thousand birds. The picture ought to be painted in red and gold, the church in a delicate shade of red. The flower in delicate pink with some black in it, the stamens in super-naturalistic yellow. In the whole there is an immense amount that does not issue from the sun and moon, but breaks forth from the whole world. The stem of the flower by its swelling and contraction expresses the utmost susceptibility and reagency. The perpendicular portion which goes into the ground is straight and hard. The rays of the sun-moon are violently zigzagged though not like lightning, but they complete the harmonious figure of the composition and stand in a special rhythm to the stamens. The picture is really very interesting, I like it. It seems as if this sun-moon was reflected in the shape of the many thousand birds in the water, but I may be mistaken. At any rate it is reflected below and ends the picture. Done."

Not till four days later did I get a few

associations to the parts of the picture that had been put in. They were as follows :

(The church out of which a few people are coming as to a funeral ?)

In this I think of resurrection. Someone has died, people say, but it is not so bad, for the bell rings and someone will be born again.

(The little stream ?)

Birds in it. They fly as out of another world, as though the stream were a fissure in the world through which one could see. Behind the fissure the birds fly in space. In this a very comforting feeling of freedom seizes me. The stream is in outline like a tree which has been cut off at the stem.

I tried to draw the picture once more at home, but I was unsuccessful.

More was not to be obtained. I must leave a *complete* interpretation to those who are accustomed to limit the number of subsidiary associations, in order to allow so much freer play to their own imagination.

In the centre stands the psychic painting of the wife which is equipped with the following

characteristics: Delicate feeling, gentle coaxing, charm, yet a basis in reality, perfectly beautiful, equipped with qualities and powers, not only from my parents but also from reality, of fine susceptibility and reagency and yet strong.

For the first time we see joined in one unity (sun-moon) the sun and the moon and they no longer embody the whole world from which the artist feels himself dependent, but only a part. And as they enter into a higher synthesis they also shed a common light down upon the wife who is furnished with traits of father and mother. The image of the parents no longer disturbs the harmony which is found in the wife, but on the contrary increases it.

The church and the funeral remain uncertain. That the church is imagined as a delicate red points no doubt to a connection with love. I may add that José heard his wife had expressed the wish that the divorce were already carried out. So we may perhaps venture the interpretation: Certainly the earlier love is

dead but hallowed (church): it has risen again (joyous peal of bells).

The stream in which the birds are reflected ends the whole picture. This affords a look into reality and calls forth the feeling of release. Obviously the fantasy of the dying bird has been recast. So we explain the whole as far as we can understand it:

Under the influence of the analysis the conflict between the father and mother image in me has been adjusted; so I see in my wife as a result of the union between her soft feminine traits and strong manly ones a sterling personality; my love has experienced a noble rebirth, and I therefore can see into a world of powerful free life-development.

We add a few remarks which may be of importance to us for the psychology of artistic creation. It is a pity that the first of the two sketches was not analysed. The church standing crooked, the cloud over the flower, point to the fact that a desire lay in the preconsciousness of the artist quite different from that of a few minutes later in the second sketch. For the rest the cloud seems to return reduced

in size over the church in the later one, but I should not like to state this for certain.

The completed sketch shows that the synthesis of the traits deriving from the father and the mother recognized in the previous treatments as necessary, and acknowledged by José, was affected symbolically artistically, with very great preponderance of the mother's part. This is already seen in the "sun-moon" which rather resembles the earlier moon or half-moon, further in the lyrical flower-motif and the complete absence of all traits of violence which really belong to the father. Nevertheless, some of the father's power has found its way into the picture of the wife, yet the power of decision is wanting as José perceives later. The masculine tendencies, to which the painter formerly gave himself up, with repression of the feminine ones to the point of brutality, have been stifled. The synthesis of the personality is only apparent, for it is based upon the use of force, which certainly cannot be seen in the picture. The question now is whether to the aesthetic

harmonizing there corresponds also a psychologically real ethical union of the polarized psychic functions which were hitherto fixed to the mother and father image. Were the artistic inspiration, as according to Maeder ("Heilung und Entwicklung im Seelenleben", 39) a precursor or harbinger of the impending transformations of the unconscious constellation, were it really only confirmed by the subsequent actions, we might cherish the greatest hopes with reference to José. But now from manifold observations and experiments I have arrived at the certainty that expectations of that kind would represent a great exaggeration of those manifestations. Dream and inspirations express only what was in the pre-conscious, i.e. either dimly conscious or having only undergone a slight displacement. As a conscious resolution can change, so can an inspiration. If I understand rightly, in the few minutes elapsing between the first and the second sketch a re-orientation of this kind had taken place.

This cautious summing up of the artistic

realization of the synthesis striven for is supported by the fact that José so recently as two days ago knew no other way of helping himself against impulses of suicide, except by painting a wild portrait with the colouring of a man who has been hanged. Unfortunately I was not shown the picture.

That a sudden revulsion of feeling has taken place, the durability of which is certainly not yet well established, is shown moreover in other symptoms also. A new element, as we are assured, has come into José's love: it is no longer only sexual, it has in it respect and attachment. He used to be vain of his beloved wife, especially in company; now he would represent her as his best, the one who matters. Further, the faces painted now no longer look evil as they always used to do, but unhappy.

At the close of the sitting my patient spoke in a candid and clever manner about art, and his own art in particular. He admits that in his "wild" portraits there is never anything to be seen but what is ugly, painful, terrible. But

the form nevertheless conveys a higher meaning. The sense of law which governs it expresses something divine that strongly moves the observer. Much as these explanations interest me I do not forsake the standpoint of the analyst and do not enter upon the important aesthetic problems. On the other hand I hear gladly what José understands by art: "*I characterize as art everything that is capable of expressing the emotion of the soul.*" This sentence forms a parallel to the definition of the expression "good." *Good has hitherto been for José everything that expresses and enhances the life-intensity.* José has transferred Nietzsche's immoralism from ethics to aesthetics.

But now in the last few weeks this purely dynamic ethical system had begun to waver. While the patient—our negativistic and wilful client can only with reserve be so styled—has given himself up to his life-intensity he had thrust away his wife, who possessed the same right to fulfil her own nature. The inner contradiction of ethical theory and practice was

revealed: José had theoretically represented the ethical solipsism, but in addition had chosen a matrimonial partner of like aims who similarly claimed to fulfil her own individual nature. His love did not carry with it any obligations of self subordination or adjustment to the just claims of the wife; she had become to him at bottom only the instrument for the enhancement of his life-intensity. To this was added a second reason for the present bankruptcy which, however, José had not yet clearly recognized: Our artist, who is in the habit of living to the full his life as a brutal egoist and strong-willed man, could only do so by suppressing his equally strong emotional claims, his uncommonly sensitive emotions. His transference-pictures and portraits of himself are not an expression of the whole personality, but a neurotic suppression-product. The moods of depression are a punishment for the mishandling of his own nature.

Now we know that José resists his love-affair undergoing a change through explanations (meaning the analysis,) (cf. text, p. 77). To be

reunited to his wife is his greatest desire, to which everything else must be subordinated. The release from chains which have hung about him since childhood and when they are put on stir up old troubles in the form of fantasies of hatred and revenge, the liberation from intellectual contradictions and ethical complications, the transition from the life-lie to higher truth, none of these things are of such importance to him as the getting back of his wife. In such circumstances psycho-analysis is a troublesome business, especially when penetration into the motives of the negative transference is refused. I still hoped, however, that insight would get the upper hand with José. My optimism was to be frustrated.

Discussion of April 4th.

My client appears twenty minutes late. His face betrays the gloomiest mood. In ten seconds he draws two triangles and says: "I know nothing more." I try to continue. He puts the question. "Do you believe that everything one does has a meaning?" On my affirmative answer he continues to draw, remarking. "I have not an idea what that is." Two minutes from beginning it the work is finished.

((Description?))

There are two equilateral triangles, the symbol of absolute rest, so fitted into one another that they somehow express a value of eternity. They stand on the point of a pyramid which rises out of an open grave. Above the whole a round line arches in part like a sky, in part like a cheese-cover. Out of the grave a

flower is growing downwards which expresses that there are no more flowers. Above in the hexagram there is the sign of infinity which exercises a comforting effect, and there is also a cross which leaves behind an unpleasant feeling-tone.

((The two triangles fitted into one another, a symbol of rest?)) This is the condition that sometimes governs me in quite clear moments. Then I feel myself in safety and peace, released from everything.

((Again the two triangles fitted into one another?))

My wife and myself. But it seems to me as if I really wanted rather to say something abstract. This beautiful figure expresses the attempt to keep oneself untouched by catastrophes, as it were a symbol that one holds before oneself. What is expressed in the drawing would be necessary in order to reach real values in relation to my wife.

The figure also recalls a star, the symbol of being at a distance. It hovers over the pyramid.

((Pyramid?))

I have read of newly discovered jackal-graves in Egypt.

((Cheese-cover?)) Towards things which get beyond my control I often indulge in the trick of making them ridiculous. Here too there is a sky.

((The sign "infinite"?))

Evenings on which I explained the stars, about which I know a great deal, to a friend who is distinguished by his accuracy, by his clearness and decisive self-confidence in the conduct of life and by his power of control of circumstances. The stars comprise for me the greatest mysteries and the highest beauty.

((The cross?))

Sign of death.

At the bottom on the right is a *door* which I previously took for a grave-lid. It looks like the entrance to the kings' tombs in Thebes. As it is leaning against the cheese-cover it betokens an excuse to run away from death; but if the boundary line is conceived as the sky the door means the entrance into the grave.

As we see José deals with the problem of

death in a disturbing manner. The meaning of the cryptogram is ambivalent. The spontaneous ideas point to a sublime symbolism revelling in exalted ideas of the beyond, therefore affirming death, and to a trite symbolism which mocks at death and eternity. The sublime meaning may be rendered approximately in the following words:

Over the open grave into which all earthly beauty, especially my wife (Flower of the drawing Fig. 9. P. 118) *has sunk for me and over my tomb which buries my wild-beast nature* (jackal-grave) *and my kingship* (kings' graves) *I see in spirit everlasting rest, complete security and indissoluble, closest communion with my wife* (intertwined triangles) *consequently a heaven of full bliss; I hold this ideal before myself as a symbol which points to the far distance, it is true, but also to the highest mystery and the greatest beauty. The painful thought of death is thereby extinguished by the comforting idea of endless clearness, security and rest.*

The trivial interpretation is required by the two ambivalent associations which connect the sky and the entrance into the vault, *i.e.* the associated ideas "cheese-cover" and "excuse to run away from death."

These fancies of yours about death and infinity are sheer nonsense; you have no intention whatever of dying, on the contrary you want to run away from death and your alleged heaven is nothing but a miserable cheese-cover.

We observe that on the whole aesthetic harmony has been effected, but it is a harmony quite unsatisfactory from a non-æsthetic viewpoint. José beheld in the preceding picture only the flower, that is, his wife. Any independent values made their appearance merely as a framework to this picture of her. Since then the hope of winning back the beloved one has diminished, and therewith the ethical problems also have entirely lost their significance. His erotic perspective once destroyed, our immoralist considers as futile everything—art, philosophy, the development of his very great æsthetic and altruistic powers, and the development of his equally striking intellectual gifts. Every remnant of the paternal inheritance, the whole of the superabundant robust power has cravenly hidden itself—a symptom one can

frequently observe in neurotic patients—the butcher-bird which challenged the whole world to combat, now with senile passivity longs only for quiet, security, the communion of mystic love. Love, conscious of her powerlessness, calls in her brother Death to help her, and holds out vague hopes for a future mystic-transcendental satisfaction of her longing in the world beyond the grave. What would Nietzsche have said had he witnessed such a capitulation of the hero to the vaporous Feminist?

José's nature is much stronger than these sentimental speculations about the world to come seem to indicate. His ironical protest mocking at the heaven as a cheese-cover, the gate-of-the-grave as a means of escape, is a healthy objection—and honestly meant—to the morbid flutterings of fancy.

If our artist had been a reliable patient, who, defying death and devil, desired to descend into the depths of his Psyche, in order to get to the rock-bottom facts of psychic realities, so that he might build up the edifice of his life on the foundations of psychologica

truth according to the law laid down by ethical Statics and Mechanics, I should not have worried myself overmuch with the fancies explained. But José did not fulfil the conditions of normal analysis. Already the data of our discussions will have shown the reader with what difficulties I had to contend. In addition to that one must not overlook the fact that José was always full of distrust towards his fellowmen, as we already know; his unconscious mind was permeated with hate and revenge and consequently the analyst was burdened with an exceptionally violent transference, although the patient betrayed only a very small fraction of the transferred wrath.

Under these circumstances I understood perfectly well how it came that José, after having admitted the correctness of the explanations given until then, declared at the end of the sitting that he considered this psychoanalytic investigation useless for the shaping of his life, for, as he said, he still continued loathing all men, with the exception of the artist in

man. The artist, he said, had his roots not in the common soil of this earth, but in quite another region.

Under these circumstances I considered some amount of danger for myself was not an impossibility in José's case. It would have been quite useless once again to point out the glorious chances in life which would result from a proper organisation of his splendid talents and his moral powers. I should not have been understood, and whatever I might have been able to put before him would appear to José useless. Moreover an analytical removal of the resistance was out of the question.

It was a physician who had brought José to me, although not as a patient; to a physician I now referred him back. I knew, of course, this step meant the discontinuation of the analysis, if not for good, at least for a time. I did not want to burden myself with too great a responsibility. José did actually go to the psychiatrist I had recommended and gave a report of himself; after which I heard no more about him for several weeks until I learnt by

chance that he and his wife were reconciled to one another.

Five months after the last sitting José paid me a visit. Again he was living with his wife and he was happy in observing that she possessed considerable artistic talent. A remarkable change, he told me, had taken place in his own painting. While formerly he was more interested in psychological details, a metaphysical perspective now preponderates, suppressing the former. No longer do his paintings express things cruel or barbaric. It is true he loathes man both in the mass and as individual, just as much as he did before, but he has given up "fighting the species on his part." To give an objective representation of the external world would, he stated, be a task now immensely more difficult for him than in former days "I can do it, absolutely, but I feel as though I should have to assume the infamous and loathsome view-point of man and to get within his skin; and these human beings derive from their right to look human, a right to construe the world according to their

false generalizations. This is my meaning: If I represent man in his intellectual poverty without my own larger perspective, I debase myself with the incapacity of his limitation. And if I want to suppress what I know of the truth, then I suffer exceedingly and my sufferings are the more acute the nearer I am to the Fountain of Truth." I do not know what constitutes the new truth, the new world-view. The pictures of the new phase are as unintelligible to me as were his previous pictures. I do not understand what these pictures are supposed to represent, and if the objective "meaning" is given to me I usually recognise, and then only with great effort, a few features which have some bearing on the meaning given. At the same time I do admire the power of colour and I guess at a tremendous struggle after form and freedom, but on the whole the flaming fire in the highly-gifted artist's soul leaves me rather cold. I simply cannot solve the meaning of the puzzle-pictures he produces. My soul is constitutionally too different from the

painter's to enjoy his work aesthetically, and I have not sufficient material available to form a clear psychological judgment. I am really very anxious to peep behind the scenes of these pictures and to search for the motives hidden even from the creator of them. Since, however, José seems to be obviously contented with his work, and since he offers decidedly much to those of a similarly-constituted mind, I think I have no right to attempt a continuation of the analysis. Moreover, José does not feel the need for further exploring the origins of his mental condition, and he declines to tackle unflinchingly the enormous problems of personality arising from such a search, or to undertake the gigantic changes which the Unconscious brings about after such an undertaking. José does not reject the analysis altogether, as I had been inclined to think. He grants that the analysis has opened his eyes about many things that go on within him. But he says that he has found greater truth, deeper insight, through other methods. Considering the languor of the fragmentary analysis which, taken in all, com-

prised only 16 sittings, and considering the artist's peculiar notions about Truth, I can but agree with his opinion. Freud considers the first month of psychoanalysis with one sitting a day, i.e. about 25 hours, as a mere period of testing; and only after such a trial-period can one arrive even at the decision whether or no a client is suitable for analysis. After my sixteen discussions with José, which took place under the most trying environmental conditions, I was left in the lurch, at least for the time being. Nevertheless certain art-psychological conclusions can be derived from our fragment.

II. The Psychological and the Biological Background of the Analysed Pictures.

In order to arrive at a psychological comprehension of the creative faculty of our painter we have to utilize all the details known to us as to his personality, but above everything of course his pictures. We comprehend the latter better if we allot to them their proper position within the whole of the artist's life, and vice-versa, the total impression we gain from his career is enriched and deepened by any knowledge we have of his detailed individual works.

1. The Meaning of the Pictures.

A. The Manifest Meaning.

The psychology of art will arrive at a clear, assured and thorough knowledge only when it is ready to distinguish, according to Freud's

dream-theory, two meanings in the works of fancy with which it is occupied, namely an obvious and a hidden meaning.

Picture 1.—Almost a caricature; consisting of two incongruous halves; of Tartaric brutality, repellent in its effect. Taken from nature, but nose and hanging moustache are much exaggerated, perhaps the mouth too.

The portrait of the analyst, alleged to be naturalistic, shows a physiognomy distorted, pulled out of shape, twisted into something savage, almost criminal. The squint transfers the discontinuity of the expressionistic picture into the objective.

Pictures 2 and 3.—A repellent caricature. Apart from a slight resemblance of the moustache no likeness to the object.

Picture 4.—A distorted face with many unintelligible unessential accessories. No objective special characteristics. Expression of great suffering. The mouth reminds one of Chinese miniatures.

Picture 5.—A woman's face with a scornful smile. A tiny helpless man entangled in her

luxurious hair stretches his arms out to be saved.

Picture 6.—A drowning man with a screwed-up body contemplated or sniffed at by a fish : a moonlight scene. A homogeneous atmosphere; not expressionistic.

Picture 7.—A bird, no longer caricatured, but with all kinds of unintelligible accessories; a roll of paper, a carrot, waves as high as mountains. Plainly a symbolic representation. Transition from the concrete to allegory. Total effect harmonious.

Pictures 8 and 9.—Each a flower. The former on a spiral stalk; behind it on a hill a church standing obliquely, which seems to indicate an ironical or timid view-point towards religious values. A threatening cloud (?) The flower in the second picture rises firmly above the ground, then strives in a wide curve towards the sun, seeking him with greedy stamens. Behind it a church, this time standing upright; from it issues a funeral procession. Brook, in which birds mirror themselves. Lyrical effect, harmonious structure. Sentimental subject, drawn with vigorous lines.

Picture 10.—A Hexagram on a tombstone-pyramid; symbol of death and infinity. Transition to geometrical abstraction. Without an explanation the meaning of the picture remains obscure.

Already these few pictures give us an idea of the artist's creative power working through an abundance of channels. One would hardly think it possible to find within one and the same individual so much multiformity and uniformity, so much defiance and hatred, but also so much true and tender feeling, so much characteristic sensuality, and at the same time such strong mathematical abstraction, so much battle-joy combined with such a deep yearning for death. It is a tremendous and sudden change from the brutality, anarchy and dissoluteness of the first five pictures towards the melting mood, the Passivity and Resoluteness of the 6th to the 9th picture and towards the apparently pure Intellectuality, Impersonality, but likewise Uniformity of the final sketch.

Without psycho-analysis we should stand before a miscellany of puzzles. At the best,

calling in to our aid the artist's life-history, we might be able to say: A revengeful anarchist has turned into a docile and gentle lamb after he had realized the unavoidable consequences of his anti-social attitude. But how unintelligible such a point of view would be, the psycho-analytical investigation will show us.

B. The Latent Meaning.

There is no necessity for bringing once more under review in all their details the particulars already given; let a summary of the essentials suffice.

The first three pictures (15-18 October) show how Josê invests me with a multitude of abhorrent traits and not knowing me, accompanies the reminiscences he transferred upon me with the most cruel wishes. In his eyes, i.e., in his heart I am not only a puppet, but also a snappish, malicious, cruel, sensuous, barbarous, ferocious being, whom in his consciousness of absolute superiority he curses and rejects vindictively. Few analysts can have encountered during the first sittings a more

intensive orgy of hate. And even then only a modest fraction of the hatred accumulated in José had been transferred upon me. No wonder (after such pictures as these for nearly three and a half months) that I was left in the lurch.

In this interval, a great change had taken place. The aggressive hatred against everything existing (and against the analyst) has abated, the resumption of valuable threads from the Past is conceded (6th February).

The original exaltation has suddenly changed into a pronounced depression in the fourth picture (11th February). As a result of the separation from his wife he feels himself pursued by brutal malignity, and like a helpless child he imagines himself being pushed about, yet he longs for the realization of his ideal Ego.

Seven days later (picture 5) his flaming passion expresses itself in ravings of hatred about his wife, whom, despite his recognition of her beauty and love-force, he reproaches with perfidiousness, malice, ferocious cruelty etc. and upon whom he "reacts" partly with the most

devoted affection and partly with a cool rejection of these values and non-values.

After this eruption of powerless rage follows a period (4th and 25th March) in which depression sways him absolutely. The patient seeks oblivion in death fancies, (a drowning man, bird) which conceal the former hatred behind soft, pensive melancholy and which at the most indicate that the artist longs for death as the twin and companion of love.

A last flaring-up of the love-hope in a higher synthesis leads to a picture of his wife, who combines masculine and feminine characteristics in noble harmony, and who, moreover, opens a higher perspective of life to the lover.

Since, however, the patient cannot, as is expected from him, overcome by his own effort the discontinuity of his personality, the savage laceration of his own self, and set free the repressed characteristics of his nature, but becomes rather more dependent on his wife, soon a complete collapse results through her continued indifference, and he sees in the mystery of death the only fulfilment of his

love desires as well as of all his other ideals (Picture 10, 4th April).

C. Deductions.

I do not think it admissible to interpret into any manifestations a meaning which does not of necessity result either from the manifestations themselves, nor from the suggested associations, nor from the clearly defined psychological situation. There is no difficulty whatever in drawing out of each dream all possible, even the most nonsensical or weirdest meanings, if, imitating a juggler, one has first put these meanings into it with the aid of a pet theory or a pet folly. We theologians have a special call to fight such fanciful follies which are bound to damage the reputation of the whole psycho-analysis; for we know what became of the book of Daniel and of the Apocalypse once the firm foundations of historical exegesis were given up.

But it is quite a different and indeed a most honest affair, if one draws from a carefully gained interpretation cautious conclusions as to

the mentality of the person under observation.

There is nothing to prevent us from attributing a *typical* meaning to those sketches we have investigated. In the same way as José without any real knowledge of me, considers me a malignant rascally enemy, so he looked at everybody, according to his own confession and our own observation, with the only difference that he does not transfer the same awful characteristics upon all men. Taken on the whole, however, he hurled all men into one and the same crucible, where they are covered with filth, although the constituent parts of this ugly conglomeration are not clearly distinguishable. Behind the first group of pictures, there is, therefore, hidden this generalization—certainly not a judgment favourable to mankind. All mankind is a malicious cruel race, which I hate with all my heart and which I should like to see destroyed.

We will not further investigate the problem how anyone can live and work with such an attitude towards his fellow-men. If a man wholly withdraws within himself he is at least

consistent, even though he does not attain perfect calmness of soul, unless he takes the extremist position of Buddhism with its denial of all thought, feeling and volition. José, however, who assumes such a violent rôle, is in dire need of his fellow-men, and is absolutely dependent on them, especially on his wife. He is the companion picture of Antigone, for he is destined by nature to co-hatred during the first period, to use the language of the old Mystics.

The estrangement of his wife compels him to take the consequences of his misanthropy really as a serious matter. It would of course have been possible to wrap himself up wholly within himself in perfect self-satisfaction. In fact he does set out on a journey into his own Ego (Picture 4). But overcome with loathing of Mankind on account of its scoundrelism, he does not attain to pure solipsism, he does not resolutely face the empirical Ego, but he becomes a mystic, as is so often the case. José becomes a mystic just like another artist whom I analysed from and through his pictures, and

who symbolised his introversion dictatorially by means of a coiled-up salamander gazing at a star within its own body (cf. my book : A New Avenue to the Old Gospel, Gütersloh, 1918 p. 31). The star above his own likeness is to represent the Ego falling out of the patient ; it is the ideal towards which he strives. Thus this likeness of José's allows us to formulate his life-philosophy into the following proposition : Since all men are so bad, I withdraw from them altogether, and seek my ideal only within my own self.

But love is stronger than autarchy. The picture, designed only a week later, shows woman as then contemplated by José, and the Ego, supreme a short time ago, has deteriorated into a little man clamouring for help, entangled in the woman's hair. What self-humiliation ! It is true the analyst had a share in the choice of the improvisation, but if mysticism had already had a firm hold on him, he would not have let his thoughts dwell beforehand so exclusively on his wife. For mysticism implies seclusion from the world.

That his wife, too, held a typical meaning for our artist is in my opinion a justified assumption. Exceptions it is true he admitted (the faithful woman-friend who did not forsake him in time of need, but who on the other hand could not enthral him permanently). Thus we arrive at the following proposition :

Woman is a cat, threatening murder and crime, wonderful in her outer form and in her glowing sensuality, but she is treacherous, an inferior intellectually : yet since we men cannot live without women we vacillate in our attitude towards them between devotion and cold contempt.

When this search for an object failed, as was only to be expected, the thought of death comes to the fore. At first it appears in a personal expression and form. (The drowning man ; the bird). It seems to me a mere artifice to take these expressions of life-weariness as valuations of life, the more so since the second of these pictures still clings to life (Hope for a renascence of his wife). Rather should I prefer putting forward as a

universal symbol for woman the two variants of the flower, and, specifically, the first as the symbol for the woman of reality, the second for the ideal woman.

The last abstract picture however contains for certain a symbolical view-point of life and metaphysics. We may perhaps formulate this symbolism into the following proposition : All earthly beauty and dignity perishes in the grave, only in the mystery of death are to be found eternal rest, security, beauty, clearness, love-communion.

Of course José with his intellectual bias would mock at the creed of immortality. But in the cellars of the unconscious or subliminal, things are often preserved that had been thrown out of the ground-floor of the conscious. It would be clumsy indeed to consider in our patient only his view-point of life and his transcendental philosophy, both born of his wishes and desires ; his nihilistic conception, corresponding to reason, is to be taken as seriously. Anyhow our artist—who stated that his post-analytical painting meant a

surrender of detail—psychology and predominance of the metaphysical—has a perfect right to claim these characteristics already for the last of the pictures drawn in my presence.

With our statement of the metaphysical contents we have, of course, indicated only a fraction of the real, absolute meaning. The symbol is inexhaustible and a great part of its meaning cannot be expressed in words.

2. Forces Working.

A. The Releasing Cause.

In all artistic intuitions and inspirations which I have been able to investigate hitherto, I could always point out an event which acted as a releasing stimulus. These stimuli were usually external experiences.

It is the same in our case. At first the personality of the analyst led up to the expressionistic (Pictures 1-3) then the patient's own painful position, which during the analysis naturally found means of expression (4) then the wife (5) and again alternately the two partners of the love-affair claiming the artist's

attention, and their relations to him (5-10). It goes without saying that his desire to be analysed has a similar function of releasing too.

B. Memory-material.

In the first expressionistic sketches hate-reminiscences appear almost exclusively; now explaining and strengthening the passion of hatred, now procuring its ugly desires a fantastic satisfaction. The analyst reminds José of men who had injured him, for which reason the designer revels in the wildest orgies of revenge-concepts. It is obvious, we have to do with a personality simply permeated with hatred, a personality who, cherishing very old grudges, utilizes the analyst according to the Law of Transference (Pfister, Die psychanalytsche Methode, 394-405) to obtain an imaginary object for the symbolic satisfaction of his sweet sadistic desires. We know that José allowed his real life to be swayed by this attitude towards men and life, an attitude which he alleged to be psychologically merely a defensive one, but which actually is a most aggressive

and cruel attitude. The artist with whom we have to deal simply cannot help himself; he is perfectly unable to judge men differently. And anyone who has studied the psychology of perception thoroughly, *i.e.* utilizing our knowledge of the Unconscious, knows Josê could not act otherwise. One may sympathise with this unfortunate artist for having hurled the majority of his fellow-men into this thorny and murderous Bed of Procustes, but the fact remains established. And ere one wastes one's sympathies one should consider what delicious joys the sadistic orgy procured for him.

When the criminal back-ground of his sinister representations is indicated to the artist he withdraws within himself. The memory of all the wrong he has suffered revives. Furious before, he now says: Look, what dreadful torments I had to bear, the sufferings which were my lot, and which I still must undergo! Is it a wonder I have turned out what I am now? The portrait of himself helps us—intentionally or unintentionally—to understand, even to excuse, the raving berserk

of the first pictures. Only a few sunny experiences are scattered among the long series of pictures indicating the distress of his childhood, boyhood, and adolescence.

Also the first portrait of his wife is simply permeated with hatred, and even when kind ideas emerge they only intensify the present suffering. Again motives and counter-reactions of anger follow one another. The wrong that had been inflicted is at once countered by a phantasy of revenge.

In the next picture historical reminiscences are becoming rarer. Behind the symbolically important motives, however, one recognizes at once memories of childhood too; in the picture of the drowning man *e.g.* in the waves cutting through the chest, in the stiff-neck, in the crucified man, in the Moon. The material is scantier than in the preceding reproductions. There is no trace left of hatred, soft sweet melancholy chooses her subject-material.

Nor is there any hatred to be found in the picture of the dying bird, nor are any memories aroused that might stimulate the passion of

hatred. The roll of paper for wrapping up sandwiches, just as little as the memory of the childish days of carrot-eating, does not indicate any anger. Even memories of happy days, when his attitude to the world was friendly, memories of joyous objective painting in a state of inward harmony appear on the scene. All this creates a total impression, not quite in keeping with the author of the expressionistic pictures.

The same remark applies to the two flowers, both historically poor, but symbolically richly endowed. The last picture offers but little more in this respect.

Perhaps the decrease of the historical element is somewhat connected with the fact that the first group of pictorial phantasies does not yet express a definite perspective of the future as the second group does. The different murder-schemes had at first not crystallized into a definite plan for the future. Moreover the desires for vengeance are so diabolical that an excuse has to be found for them at once in memories of wrongs and miseries suffered in the past.

More important, however, is the following factor: In the first pictures José fights his father. In them José appears as the butcher-bird furiously hating and attacking all existing institutions; he appears as the great anarchist who, destroying all order and harmony, rejects all conventional art as vile cliché. The expressionistic pictures belong without exception to that phase during which José assumed in the main a defiant hostile attitude towards man, (Pictures 1, 2, 4), during which he gives expression to a serious inner conflict (between love to his mother and hatred against his father). As soon as the imagination is swayed only by a soft, elegiac mentality José's style loses its expressionistic character. At the same time these pictures are exclusively under the influence of the mother-image whilst the father plays no longer any rôle.

We encounter, therefore, expressionism in our artist at a time when he is in a state of mental discord, when there is a rift between him and reality or even when there is such a rift within the soul itself. The Expressionism

is absent as soon as the discord has been overcome. At present, however, we intend to consider these propositions as applicable to José only.

C. The Remaining Determinants.

It has been known for ages that the course of psychical events is determined not only by the present external influences but also by the totality of all past experiences and by all the psychical endowments. To dissect this infinitely complicated mass of experiences and endowments, to delimit neatly all its constituent parts and determinants will always be an impossibility. Even Character and Fate cannot be entirely separated, for a man's bias determines to a considerable extent his Fate, and Fate on her side again shapes the individual's feeling and will. There is constant interaction at play. That is the reason why it is so difficult to eliminate purely inherited characteristics. Many of those, which but a few years ago were still considered as part of the individual's inheritance have since been unmasked

and found out to be merely acquired characteristics. The psychology of man's earliest years is still in its infancy. We have no real notion as to how far artistic talents are inborn. With respect to such talents we ought to be prepared for surprises. Moreover José makes our task still more difficult by the very scanty information he vouchsafes as to his intellectual development.

One cannot help recognizing in him a certain joy in conceptions of cruel revenge. How far this is an innate trait of José's character, how far an initial but insignificant bias has been strengthened through the violence of his father, through jealousy of him, through defiance, we do not know. No doubt the sweeter characteristics experienced a strong repression. José's anarchism and negativism is a reaction against this affect-inhibition; that is why after the collapse of his defiance-complex, the artist relapses so completely into the lyrical mood of the second picture-group. We should have to take into consideration the whole life-history of our hero in order to obtain a comprehensive

view of the interplay of instincts and conceptions, and for that we do not possess the material. Suffice it that we refer to the constitutional continuity and the complex of experiences from which results the character and mentality of José.

3. The Process of the Observed Artistic Creative Activity from the Psychological View-Point.

A. The Life-Inhibition.

Already at the beginning of the analysis, José is suffering from strong inhibitions. How could he be an artist otherwise? For years mental depressions gave him much trouble, long before the War and his marriage raised hard problems for him. Many physical and psychical symptoms in him indicate the neurotic. But the most important thing is his impossible attitude towards his fellowmen. His love towards them, a love which might have developed normally from the love he originally felt for his mother, was shipwrecked on the cliffs of paternal obstinacy; but José is, as I heard from a reliable source, capable of magnanimous action

when a friend of his is in need of help. With our imperfect knowledge of this complex personality, we cannot say how far such magnanimity was influenced by the desire of showing his power and of furthering his pictures. There is no doubt, Freud's "Oedipuskomplex" has a considerable share in it. (Cf., Freud, Vorlesungen zur Einführung in die Psycho-analyse. Wien, Heller, 1916, p. 230 seq.) Closely connected with that is a restriction upon normal self-valuation and upon healthy pride in other people's good opinion.

Hence the defiance, the distrust, the sadistic thirst for vengeance etc. In the course of the analysis we observe an enormous condensation of the inhibitions which, making themselves felt disagreeably during marriage, were intensified by the equally strong neurotic complements of his wife; this condensation causes all his interests to be centred in the reconquest of the wife, finally deciding even concerning life and death. It is obvious that here are causes of repression in abundance.

B. Phenomena of Regression.

With every repression occur regressions, i.e. retrograde movements, during which earlier phases of development are reproduced in a form in accordance with the present psychical condition. In his artistic improvisations José mirrors very many events of his childhood and boyhood. Even in the objective picture the mouth, the ear and the chin turning out a failure are connected with events of early life (the bear-dream). Likewise in the expressionistic sketches recur concepts of long ago: several little dogs, dolls, angry words of the father, fishing, obstinate hair, mother's love like moonlight, etc.

Much more important, however, are phylogenetic regressions for they sway almost exclusively José's artistic activity. It is well known that these regressions towards primitive concepts have been repeatedly investigated during recent years, after Freud had made a beginning with his famous investigation of the Oedipus-dream (cf. Jahrbuch f. psa. und psychopath. Forschungen, Bd. III, 120 seq, (Jung),

329 seq. (Spielrein), 588 seq. (Freud). IV 51 seq. (Rank) 162 seq. (Jung) 532 seq. (Nelken); Rank, Der Mythus von der Geburt des Helden (1909). José himself states that he brings all his portraits towards the negroid type (12). He paints me as a Tartar, and even drags features taken from beasts of prey into his human figures so that they have a barbarously wild and cruel appearance.

Regression is the inevitable stage of transition of every forward movement (cf. my book: "Die psycho-analytische Methode" 203). The pure Past is never reproduced, but always a Past more or less re-interpreted or re-shaped which may serve as a starting-point for a desired new direction of endeavour. Regression is only apparent in the case of healthy and creative men. People who are mentally diseased, of course remain stationary in the realm of the infantile, the primitive, the prae-cultural; for they lack the vigour to replace the lopped-off branch by a new shoot. The ethnographically savage features in José's pictures lead one to deduce strong repressions and life-inhibitions.

C. Identification.

Frequently José identifies himself with other persons by transferring to them features that really belong to himself. Into the analyst's likeness he puts characteristics that are his own as well as his father's (P. 24). In the portrait of himself he adds the father's cheek and the mother's eye (Page 4). Into the concept of his wife he carries reminiscences of his sister, of a former sweetheart, also symbols of both father and mother. The identification is however, not absolute; the analyst is not quite the father but a human being resembling him. As a result of insignificant resemblances and more especially as a result of the rôle of a guide which the analyst cannot unfortunately altogether decline, the latter is burdened with the whole amount of hatred which, ambushed in the patient's Unconscious, lies in wait for the father. As far as his conscious Self is concerned the boy had been reconciled since the completion of his twentieth year. But that the Hatred against the father is still smouldering

within the Unconscious is proved by the way in which the analyst is treated, a treatment which wholly corresponds with José's attitude towards most men and which clearly betrays what a heavy indictment he has against them. The father is apparently exonerated as far as conscious feeling is concerned, but the whole world has to suffer for it. The intellect investigates his equations carefully to see whether the two sides of each really balance; feeling, however, is not at all so particular and does not mind accepting an x when there should be a y as long as there is an apparent balance. Or to express myself less metaphorically: The clear thinker is protected against substitutions of persons through his power of discrimination, which is an essential part of himself; the man of feeling does not worry about exact knowledge as long as he can procure for himself pleasure-sensations, and as a result he does not mind at all the most blatant substitution of persons through his Unconscious. He gets his pleasures that way but his relations to Reality become false.

D. Introversion and Autism.

If one can already notice such a falsification of Reality strongly developed in persons who like intercourse with the surrounding world, this falsification is yet more intensive and extensive in persons who in the main avoid intercourse with the world, who, as this centripetal movement is described "introvert." There is no doubt that José during the first period of the analysis belongs to the introvert class. He loves but a few human beings; most of them he suspects of desiring to attack him and consequently he assumes a hostile attitude towards them. Where he does love, he himself is the one who has the greatest share of enjoyment. He does not love with unselfish devotion, but just because Love adds to his zest of life.

Of course this finds its expression in his artistic work too. He is not interested in the world and has no intention of depicting it as it is. He sees the world only in recreating it according to his own concept. Some experience which he had at the hands of one man he will project into another, thinking that

thereby he possesses a deeper insight into man's inner life. Naturally he is not aware that he thereby ventures upon generalizations which are logically inadmissible. He believes himself capable of penetrating to the very heart of things and he has no idea of the fact that he merely projects himself and chance-events into those things. The judgment he formed mainly in his parents' home gradually becomes the universally valid sentence pronounced on the worth and character of mankind in general. And, like every artist, he is governed by the desires and needs of his own heart. A feeling of hatred, a thirst for vengeance are the dictators of his knowledge of human nature. Thus during his artistic period all José's paintings become self-portraits, symbolic representations of his own soul. Since his own soul is full of discord he has to give expression to it when drawing the analyst's face; the two halves of that face cannot be in harmony because the artist's soul itself is rent into twain. Sun and moon have to appear in his wife's face, because within himself father

and mother are quarrelling with one another. All human beings are given something negroid, something savage, cruel, because such traits are hidden within himself and because it is a necessity for him to see men in that way in order to revive the feelings he acquired towards them during his childhood.

We must specially point out that José, like every autist, retains the childish view of mankind not merely because his experiences only confirm it, but because owing to its repression into the Unconscious the normal corrective influence of Reality is eliminated and because to the autist, not the corresponding experience, but his wish is the father of his thought.

The art-autist is swayed by his own Ego to such an extent that he must deem any devotion to the Object as a self-humiliation. To make up for it, he creates his world of fancy with the independencc of an absolute Sovereign, without any regard to the laws of Reality, yea even to the categories of Space, Time, Causality, and Logic. The very principles of identity and

antithesis have no validity for him. José's artistic work has this in common with dreams and obsessional ideas; into the place of the normal day-world known to the non-sleeper he puts a world of his own construction, a world in the reality of which the constructor believes at the moment of construction. It does not matter in the least to the autist that thereby incidentals of individual experiences are invested with universal validity which no careful objective examination can reveal as theirs, or which no man with different experiences can accept. For with his—psychologically necessary—megalomania the autist is bound to consider his own judgment as the only valid one and to look down scornfully on all those who have not gained such a depth of knowledge as is his.

No one who has grasped the essential meaning of introversion can wonder at this inevitable result of the autistic system, of which the artistic manifestations represent but a few expressions.[7] Introversion must lead to self-deification, which includes architectonic think-

ing, to use Kant's phrase. Whatever thoughts occur to the autist he must invest them with reality.

E. Polarizations.

Every strong repression brings about a complex in consequence of which an harmonious development of thought, feeling and action becomes impossible. Concepts which belong together are torn asunder, certain feelings ebb until they have almost disappeared when again they rise suddenly in a tidal wave. Or the energy contained within phenomena of affective strength pours itself out after such an instinct-check in intellectual labours which then are excessively stressed. This divergence of functions that belong together one calls polarization.

In José we meet this phenomenon frequently. Studying him functionally, we often behold him in the attitude of defiance, hatred, anarchy and negation, an attitude traceable to his father's influence; then again we behold him mellow, to use his own expression, sentimental like

moonshine and lily. (Pictures 8 and 9.) This polarization we recognised in the pictures.

A. Polarization of the Objective and the Subjective During the Act of Seeing.

Autism forces our artist to see his objects of the first five pictures in such a way as corresponds to the repression and elimination of hatred and vengeance. Whereas the portrait-painter represents his persons at least in such a fashion that every unbiassed observer can recognise them: and will also reproduce the sitter's objective characteristics, and draws the psychical contents of the person from his intellectual contents; yet José cannot rid himself, even in the naturalistic sketch, of those subjective intrusions which originate in the father and the series of father-surrogates. Especially in the subjective pictures objective characteristics are absent, except a very small fraction—which does not counterbalance the unlikeness. The artist works with absolute sovereignty. Here shows itself a tremendously exaggerated stressing of the subjective. True, neither does even our artist create something

out of nothing. He takes a few simple features of his father's and invests with them the figures he meets later on in life. He never gets to grips with Reality because he never gets beyond a few items of reality which were important to him when a child. Of course even so José remains a vassal of external Reality, only he is incarcerated within such a very narrow circle of Reality.

Whereas an artist hitherto, in the conventional meaning of the term artist, reproduced a desired piece of Reality just as it was reflected in his soul, with the stress on the objective element, the autistic painter gives only himself and retains nothing or almost nothing of the specific characteristics that constitute the object to be depicted, but on the other hand he makes up for this omission by attributing to the object the characteristics of infantile reality-experiences and their mental sediments. The negation of the object leads to falsifications of the object. The reality of infancy puts her eggs into the nest of the present time with the greatest impudence, and thereby makes out of

the artist the victim of a fatal anachronism. A similar retribution one can notice again and again as the fate of the metaphysical solipsists. And it is a good thing and a necessary thing that the artist—and philosopher—solipsists are thus cheated, for solely in himself no man can or ought to live.

B. Polarization in the individual Picture.

In the manifestations of the expressionistic period (pictures 1-5) we meet evident polarizations. Hence the squinting expression and distortion of the first three pictures, the opposition between the two eyes in pictures 4 and 5, where sun and moon signify father and mother. Whereas a well balanced man always joins together male and female features and gives them prominence in every act, José tears asunder the two and isolates them in his pictures. Therefore the traits taken from his father seem to be exaggerated to the point of brutality, indeed to the most extreme point of sadistic cruelty, and the feminine features appear with a feeble sentimentality. And to

that corresponds, as with so many neurotics, our artist's inconsistency.

The Polarization also finds its expression in the Succession. During the first period an enormous preponderance of the hard tendencies; during the second a likewise exaggerated almost tearful lyricism. In the "naturalistic" portraits we notice the same oscillating one-sidedness: always a caricature, either brutal or mawkish. The artist never succeeds in throwing his whole personality into the work, just as little as he can utilize the wealth of his personality in the real world. It is therefore a constant halting one side or the other, a hypertrophy of the sthenic or the asthenic. We are not at all astonished at the depressions if we take into account such a disjection of the personality.

F. Automatism.

That José draws his sketches without the slightest pre-meditation is an important factor. When he begins to draw he sometimes knows the object which he wants to—I must not say

depict or represent, but rather which he wants to "reflect." On other occasions he does not know the object even after he has actually begun the drawing. This difference is however not of any great importance, as I discovered during my investigations into the origins of artistic inspiration (Imago II, 1913).

4. The Biological Function in José's Artistic Activity.

Psycho-analysis has rightly been led to study individual psychic performances in connection with their relative importance to the whole of life. Psycho-analysis wants to know in what way the individual psychical performances are the necessary and natural out-flow of the life-development, and also what these individual performances mean for, and what effect they have on the life-totality. We have already hinted at the causal necessity when we elucidated the process of artistic work from a psychological view-point. Of course it ought to have been done more thoroughly, but José left us in the lurch; moreover we had to premise theoretical knowledge. We should

have been compelled to expound the whole theory of repression and manifestation in order to be able to demonstrate how José was necessarily forced to allow an out-flow through the channel of art to his inner troubles and desires. We should have had to show how the repression made a definite and conscious settlement of psychical conflicts impossible, how therefore as a compromise between conscious and unconscious impulses the picture became a necessity. For this I refer to former publications of mine (Die Psychanalyt. Methode, Kap. 8-13. Was bietet die Psa. dem Erzieher? pp. 22-85, Ein neuer Zugang zum alten Evangelium. pp. 49-54).

Now let us concentrate our attention on the other side of the problem and ask: What does José's artistic work do towards the sustaining and the up-lifting of his life? In asking this let us first assume the view-point of his own volition, and then the view-point of a will transcendent to his. We speak of Finality or Teleology according to the special fixation of purpose with which we are dealing,

an immanent or external fixation. I should like to lay stress upon the fact that at present we are concerned only with the relationship between the expressions of will under discussion and the development of life.

A. The Ultimate Significance of the Pictures for Life-development.

We distinguish a manifest, a latent and a derivative meaning of the pictures, which we have already learnt to understand as veiled manifestations of unconscious tendencies. We are aware that the manifest meaning is of small value. José therefore is apparently not at all anxious to be understood intellectually in his pictures. Also the metaphysical exegesis of his pictures, an exegesis which we attempted at our own risk and peril, is really not his intended predication since he alleges that only the later, unanalysed pictures have any express metaphysical meaning, whereas our analyses are to have for the present only individual psychological value.

What biological purpose then does José

attempt to realize in his expressionistic pictures and by the thoughts expressed therein?

(a) Speaking purely dynamically we shall answer: He attempts the satisfaction of individual instincts, thus, *e.g.* the thirst for vengeance, sadistic and masochistic tendencies, the ambition to rule, etc. There is no doubt that the feelings experienced during the drawing and contemplation of the sketches are to a great extent a camouflaged method of satisfying such kinds of instinct-hunger. We can therefore formulate the proposition: The pictures we analysed cause pleasure-feelings which can be traced to the autistic satisfaction of instinct. Of course if anyone prefers to say that José is trying to escape some existing unpleasant feeling by means of his pictures and to create according to the pleasure-principle, such a statement is not wrong either, but is less felicitous psychologically and biologically than the preceding formula, for the painter does not think of pleasure and pain, and biologically these are but consequences.

(b) The artist in his pictures expresses wish-

fulfilments. This however is to be understood in exactly the same sense as in Freud's dream-psychology.* Not that the expressionistic and symbolistic representations exhibit all the splendours which to their author appeared the most desirable. No, there is rather, especially in the earlier pictures, an attempt at representing as realities under the mask-like camouflage of the sketches, repressed wishes *i.e.* unconscious wishes and their derivates, which likewise lurk beneath the threshold of conscious mental life. Wishes usually very low and ugly find expression; but in the last phantasia (of a geometrical appearance) there is to be found a very high problem of thought, namely that of death and of its metaphysical importance.

(c) The Pictures serve the vitally important process of Objectivation. It is of the greatest importance for the support of life that any obscurely felt distress and its remedy be elaborated in their details not only subjectively but also objectively. Else the uncontrollable

* Sigmund Freud, Die Traumdeutung. 2. Aufl. 1919. page 115. sequ.

feelings become too much for their owner and he runs a risk of succumbing beneath them. Now his pictures certainly cannot tell directly to him what all this is about, but at least symbolically they contain the meaning looked for. When Heine does not know what is the meaning of his sadness and then weaves his phantasia about the Loreley and the endangered skipper, he has not cast his love-grief into a clear form, but after all he has turned his eye away from the awful yawning abyss of his own Ego towards an epic scene which diverts him and at the same time invites him to take up a definite position with regard to his own affair. The warning which at the end the poet gives to the skipper, benefits the former indirectly, and in the shape of feeble, almost imperceptible waves of feeling. At any rate it is always better for a man to have projected his distresses outwardly on an object than, at the mercy of his feelings, to be consumed helplessly and passively in their furnace.

(d) Furthermore José is able to socialize his affairs by means of his pictures. There is a

social interest in all art. We heard that even in the expressionistic pictures social interests are stirred up. He considers his portrait of himself very beautiful (1). Also he intends to publish other expressionistic pictures as he reveals his innermost soul. He is convinced that kindred souls will understand his message much better than they would if it were expressed in dry words or in the conventional language of art.

(e) Finally, through his expressionistic method José aims at a suitable connection with the universe. He climbs the heights of Metaphysics.

All these endeavours described have as their purpose the development of life. Jose wants to get out of his pictures that which is furthering his existence and is corresponding to his needs; but he will also see the world in such a way and shape it autistically, that he can maintain and assert himself within it.

B. The Teleological Definition of Artistic Activity.

Behind these biological ends are however

hidden still higher purposes. The artist drafted his plans as the result of a teleology which we call instinct, and which we trace back to the Will of Nature or whatever we call that transcendent Lady of Destiny. There is no question as to the great biological importance of our patient's art. His art creates the following *advantages*:

(a) The pleasure-feeling gained through artistic activity strengthens the life-will and the life-force.

(b) Through the objectivation of the inner conflict the possibility of overcoming such strife is facilitated.

(c) The socializing character of artistic work counteracts introversion and prevents the pathological catastrophe of being swallowed up in the abyss of the own Ego. It is therefore an antidote against Katatony.

(d) In artistic work sets in a solution of the conflict. In it José expresses what attitude he is to take up towards his wife, his life etc. It is true one cannot deny that these attempts at a solution have been dimly conceived before

the sketch was drawn, and that they urgently need a critical, that is, fully-conscious treatment ere they can claim reliability.

But neither must we overlook the *disadvantages* of his artistic work:

(a) Through the mere autistic solution of the conflict its actual overcoming is not brought about. The artist might derive so much pleasure from imagination in his life that he avoids coming to actual grips with the latter.

(b) The imaginative solution of the conflict may be clumsy, yea, may fail altogether. As the exact analysis shows, this kind of solution does not reproduce something absolutely unknown to Consciousness, but it contains previous dim thoughts which were in the past perhaps rejected. Like the dream, the improvised picture is a most unreliable councillor. Keen, fully-conscious criticism has to be applied first, ere the visitor who so suddenly arrived in the mind's house and whom analysis identified, should be really trusted. It is not at all certain that José benefited by projecting into all sorts and conditions of men, e.g., the analyst or

his wife, every possible hate-and-vengeance-memory, and by venting on them a fury originated in his childhood and really aimed at quite different people. On the contrary, the mixing up of the present time with the past is most suspicious.

(c) If socialization is only attempted in so far that a few kindred souls may enjoy the picture there is but little gained. If these "sympathizers" really were fellow-sufferers, unfortunate human beings, then both the artist and his followers would share the same dilemma, whereas deliverance is quite conceivably possible for them all.

Taken on the whole, the artistic activity of our patient has without doubt a strong biological fitness; but though we decidedly have to admit so much, we cannot see guarantee enough in this art that it is able to fulfil the task set for it by Life. We will take up again this thread of thought later on.

III. The Psychological and Biological Background of Expressionism.

1. Descriptive and Causal Investigation.

I approach only with diffidence the task of pronouncing a psychological and biological judgment on expressionistic art in general. I had the opportunity of analysing somewhat thoroughly one single artist, and moreover he permitted me but a few glimpses into the immense wealth stored in the treasury of his genius. It would be more to my liking to wait until I had encountered the possibility of making a number of other analyses, but I do not think such an opportunity will come my way. Whether ever again an expressionist may want to avail himself of my services I do not know, and even so, it would be most uncertain whether, like José, he would allow me to publish his most personal affairs. Likewise

desirable would be an analysis of the enjoyment afforded by expressionistic works. Still I do hope that my pioneer experiment will induce others to follow up the trail. First of all let us be clear about the Expressionist's aims. He objects to the low level of the photographer's camera, reproducing natural colours. The expressionist wants to reproduce the intrinsic meaning of things, their soul-substance. But this grasping of the intrinsic i.e. the only genuine reality, is not done through an intellectual study of the external world, whose obscuring veils are torn away one after another in the slow struggle for knowledge—as Ishtar's garments were when she entered the lower world—no! the creating mind feels itself as the measure of things, because the world is nothing but self-development of Mind. The subjective idealism of a Berkeley, of a Fichte, of a Schuppe re-appears in Expressionism, not as the result of a keen critique of knowledge, but as an immediate artistic experience. From this view-point impressionism appears as mere surface-art, and therefore a superficial art, a mechanical craft and no art at all. The ex-

pressionist on the other hand creates out of the depths of things, because he knows himself to be in these depths. To paint out of himself and to paint himself means to reproduce the intrinsic nature of things, the Absolute. The artist creates as God creates, out of his own inner Self, and in his own likeness.

Fritz Burger describes the aim of an expressionistic work of art as follows: It does not want to be any longer the object of an aesthetically educated caste, but the embodiment of that incommensurable world which comprises our Inner Self. It will not deliver from the World but bring about for us the possession of the World's Inner Greatness, the wonderful wealth of variety in form of the Creative Power itself, which is the salvation and the ruin of us all. As a moulding world-view it desires to be a religion freed from the Past of history. At the moment that the optical and chemical sciences are able to reproduce the coloured empirical Reality perfectly, a dream of millenia comes true—Art will retire into her holy Realm, her very own, and will curse the enjoying eye and the limping wisdom of the

aesthete as well as the vulgar joys of the mob, and will conclude an unheard-of alliance with Philosophy already meeting her half-way. Both turn away from the Empirical World mapped out according to the dictates of Natural Sciences, in order to grasp formatively the meaning of life within a world-view often permeated with mystical ideas. With that Art is brought back to its oldest original purpose. (Einführung in die moderne Kunst. p. 115.)

And in this way the *highest* form of expressionism is characterized; here the psychological and biological view-point with which we content ourselves has been forsaken. We return therefore to it in order to examine how far the observations we made in a given single case apply to expressionistic art generally.

A. The Psychological Process in Itself.

As far as the exegesis is concerned we shall find in all expressionistic pictures, just as we did in José's, a latent meaning side by side with the manifest meaning, if there be such at all. Here several forms of latency are to be distinguished: Often the artist believes he as represented quite clearly and recognisably

some object which was hovering in his mind, so that latency would exist only for unintelligent observers. Perhaps e.g. the artist wants to put some metaphysics into his work. But even in such a case there are, behind the design planned by the artist-poet, secret personal reminiscences and aims which could be found only by Psycho-analysis. What the artist indicates as its contents is always rationalization i.e. a very sensible-sounding reason given for a work, which really owes its origin to quite different and unconscious motives (cf. my book "Die psycho-analyt. Meth, pp. 276 sequ.) The deepest meaning, not merely got at by deduction but actually in the expressionistic picture itself, is always, as we saw with José, the self-representation of the artist's psychical state. There is in fact, apart from dreams, hardly a better diagnostic index regarding an artist's frame of mind than his expressionistic pictures.

We may I think assume that the creative Forces of José and their working-material are the same as those of all expressionists, only that of course there is always an individual character in each. There is never absent some

releasing stimulus, be it only a reminiscence recalled to consciousness ; there is never absent the return to reminiscences, which by the way were already co-operative in the reception of that stimulus ; there is never absent the powerful co-operation of fixed tendencies on the part of Will and Feeling.

Most important for us is the insight into the process of creative work. Every artist, especially the expressionist, is a man of suffering ; for we know there simply are no intuitive efforts, no works of genius, without bitter suffering and life-inhibitions. According to my (it is true, limited), acquaintance with expressionistic artists I am even compelled to assume they were on the average liable to much greater suffering or re-acted with greater sensitiveness when encountering pain than artists belonging to other schools. A dealer in works of art who has much to do with expressionists told me he knew of not a single one amongst them whom one might call happy ; they all were at loggerheads with some large section of reality, be it the family or the State. This is not yet the right time to discuss whether the expressionists

are successful in attaining a higher solution of their conflicts.

Regression within Expressionism is often remarkably striking. Whereas many cubist pictures dimly remind one of children's drawings and show extremely infantile outlines, expressionism sharply regresses towards pre-cultural primitive forms, José even into the brute-form of animal nature. Gauguin travelled to Tahiti (Max Raphael, Von Monet zu Picasso, München; printed 1913, p. 107.) and intoxicated himself with the art of the savages. Others rave about negro-plastics, like our José. Psychoanalysis has carefully investigated these regressions into the primitive and has found the retrogressive function is the stronger, the more powerful the life-inhibition is, and strongest in certain cases of lunacy, where, oddly enough, mythological forms of primitive ages re-appear of their own accord (cf. Freud, Nachtrag zu dem autobiographisch beschriebenen Falle von Paranoia (Dementia paranoides) Jahrbuch für Psycho-analyt. und psychopathol. Forschungen, III Bd., 2 Hälfte 588 sequ). This regression is absolutely necessary according to the Continu-

ity-principle which sways the whole of mental life, but regression is really valuable, for since every step on the road of progress is possible, only through the detour of such a regression (cf. Jesus, the Reformation really a Retro-formation, Rousseau's Retour à la nature. Tolstoy's return to peasant-life etc.) The chief point however is that one does not remain fixed during the repression as "mental cases" do, in the infantile type, but that a healthy progression starts from the point of contact to which one had gone back. If the portraits remain in the Tartar and Barbarian realm we have an art-atavism which, it is true, can prepare the way for a higher stage of development than the present, but which nevertheless indicates a temporary relapse. Where the New Life should set out to force a fresh path for itself, the necessary strength fails and the patient hurled out of the Present into the Primitive Past remains lying on the roadside instead of conquering in one mighty rush the higher sphere of development. A parallel to this we find in the Anabaptists, who following the words of Jesus wanted to become again like children,

and so they wore short frocks or carried wooden toy-sheep in their arms, in contrast to the Reformer who set out on the great Retrogression towards the teachings of earliest Christianity, in order to solve new, great problems of the present day from the point of view thus attained. (Cf. my book: Die psychan. Meth. pp. 193-206 and "Was bietet die Psychanalyse dem Erzieher?" p. 82.

One thing is quite certain, all expressionists, even though they do not paint something typically infantile, yet carry into their work a great number of infantile characteristics.

But I found Identification when analysing an expressionist-picture of Christ's Descent from the Cross, the figures of which represented or symbolized the artist and his family.

The characteristic which most impressed all the theoreticians of Expressionism is that which the psycho-analysts call Autism. Bleuler, to whom we owe this excellent technical term, understands thereby the active turning away from the external world and the living within

the Inner World of Fancy or Phantasy. (Jahrb. f. psycho-an. Forschungen IV. p. 1.) "Whilst logical, realistic thinking" he says, "is a reproduction as exact as possible of, or analagous to the concepts offered by the external world, there exists another kind of thinking which is mainly swayed by the affects and which takes no notice of Reality: the autistic thinking." (E. Bleuler, Lehrbuch der Psychiatrie, Berlin 1916, p. 33.) In that sense all expressionism is autistic. Raphael says of Picasso: "All Experience is determined by the experiencing individual, all Being is immanent (p. 117). Waldemar Jollos, an expert thoroughly acquainted with this school of art, acknowledges: "It is modern Expressionism that desires to master the Object through its negation." ("Von neuer Kunst," Neue Zürcher Zeitung 5th. Dec. 1918, 1. Morgenblatt.) Stockmeyer judges, "The expressionistic artist, if he is genuine, if he does not paint expressionistically merely because it is the fashion to-day, will find the directive forces for his work only within himself."

(Grundsätzliches zum Expressionismus, Christl. Welt. 1918, Nr. 44/45 of Oct. 31, 1918).

Expressionism is thorough-going Introversion-painting, much more thorough-going than, let us say, Ferdinand Hodler's work according to Maeder's well-founded opinion. (A. Maeder, *Ferdinand Hodler*, Zürich, 1916.) The expressionist's paintings are really almost exclusively mere Self-portraits and allow pretty reliable deductions as to the artist's psychical state, whereas Hodler leaves to the external world anyhow its raison d'être, although he does breathe his own soul into it and reshapes it to his heart's desire. The chaos in the picture betrays the confusion of the expressionist himself, the brutal colouring and outlines the brutality of his character; the elegiac softness, as that—to give an instance—which distinguishes Picasso (Raphael 116, 6) the lyrical sadness of the painter. The less autistic thinking has been refined in the furnace of Reality, so much the more reliable is its metaphysics, laid down intentionally in the picture, a general confession or psychical self-

denudement. The expressionist's world is the expressionist himself as *the* world.

One day, when seeing a picture on which all the houses stood slanting and were threatening to tumble down, some towards the right, some towards the left, I asked an art-dealer versed in psycho-analysis how he accounted to himself for such a phenomenon; he gave me what I consider the right answer: "Since the artist sees these houses thus, he paints them in this way; and he is compelled to see them slanting because his own soul is threatening to tumble down."

The expressionist is, therefore, bound to devaluate reality and as Bahr (55) puts it, to violate reality. The expressionist reminds me of the Brahmin who through prayer wants to create all that exists. He feels himself as World-creator in that paranoian megalomania necessarily resulting from introversion. The values taken away from Reality are allotted to the Subject. The Over-emphasis of the Ego, to use a well-known technical term of psycho-analysis *i.e.*, the exaggerated affective emphasis of the Ego

is the inevitable result of the underemphasis of Objectivity. Thus one thing follows from the other. Repelled from the external world through bitter experiences, the cognitive subject hides itself away in its own inner world and magnifies itself to the power of a world-creator. The immense self-conceit of the expressionistic artist is not vanity, but a psychologically well-founded experience, indeed a necessary means to escape the collapse of the lonely personality denuded of all reality. But this paranoian autism has to be paid for with bitter martyrdom. One need not, therefore, envy the life of an expressionist. But is not every creative genius a martyr?

B. Biological Investigation.

We now turn to the biological study of our topic. It is bound up with the nature of autism that the artist paints from inner necessity in order to create an outlet for his soul's distress and to satisfy his instincts. At the same time, doing so, he does not know what he depicts, or when he thinks he knows, the knowledge is

but rationalization deceiving him. All his pictures contain the fulfilment of secret desires, which are wholly hidden even from himself. Occasionally under certain circumstances there are in the pictures certain thought-problems which he solves symbolically, for the thought-impulse too is a father of fantastic forms: only in such a case it is usually not a question of deeply repressed problems, and the intellect at the moment of giving play to phantasy had already very nearly reached its goal. I cannot here give the proofs for these statements. I have them in a yet unpublished work dealing with hypnotic experiments in the course of which thought-problems were set for imaginative solution. There is no doubt that into the solution of thought-problems a multitude of personal desires become secreted. It is quite certain that an expressionist artist may set himself a metaphysical problem and see it solved before his eyes in picture-fantasy. Whether the solution possesses any great intellectual value, perhaps a greater value than calm, logical reflection is quite another question.

Already in 1725 Gianbattista Vico recognised that fables and fantastic generalizations precede philosophical generalizations (A. von Gleichen —Russwurm, Die Schönheit, p. 124.)

The only consistent metaphysics that can appeal to an out-and-out introvert is that of absolute mysticism, represented let us say by Brahmanism and Taoism, by Eckard and by Jakob Böhme.

Now by addressing himself to the Public with his pictures, the expressionist endeavours to escape introversion and to maintain himself within Reality. But the autism of the contents opposes the social urge of the picture's external purposiveness. The great majority of men are bound to pass by the expressionistic pictures without any understanding of their meaning or even with a feeling of loathing. Only those can enjoy such pictures whose psychical constitution corresponds with that of the expressionist. Whoever is conscious of a wave of emotion when looking at expressionistic works proves thereby that he experiences the same distress. Just as people afflicted with the same

kind of neurosis show a well-known tendency to gather together wherever possible : just as the similarity of mental repression can produce, under certain conditions, the strongest love-ecstasy ; so the repressed pain within the expressionist, and in some cases the attempt to overcome that complex symbolically, seeks and finds the passionate admiration of those who languish in the same dungeon and who cherish a similar hope. Since it is a question of introverts—they need not by any means be sick people—since they are people who are incapable of rationally expressing their sufferings, their joy is all the greater when they think they have discovered behind the expressionist picture a kindred soul. For extreme introversion leads to indescribable sufferings, yea even to madness. The Buddhists were theoretically introverts but in practice through charitable and social instincts they escaped the consequences of their doctrine : Extinction (Nirvâna). The Thibetan grave-hermits approach much more the ideal of Nirvâna. The expressionist escapes, in his rôle of artist, that danger to which he is exposed

as autist, because as artist he relies upon the sympathy of like-minded spectators.

Tell me whose works amongst the expressionists you are enjoying and I will tell you who you are. For only he can understand the artist whose Unconscious speaks the same language as the artist's own Unconscious.

Thus the biological advantages of the expressionistic manifestation are not to be underestimated. But the same objections which a while ago we raised against José's artistic working, apply here too. We shall support these objections in more detail when in our final chapter we proceed to appreciate the aesthetic character of expressionism.

Ere we approach that problem we will briefly examine what influence contemporary culture exercised on the origin of expressionism. Some authors held expressionism might be explained as the natural re-action against impressionism which desired to eliminate from art everything that Man had added to the external stimulus (Bahr. 67). Man thereby had been reduced to a mere sensitive plate;

Nature, Matter swayed, and had dispossessed the artist. It was an unheard-of externalization, explicable only as the outcome of materialistic modes of thought. Heights and depths, life's suffering and the soul's distress are unknown to the impressionist, for which reason he is a stranger to every touch of genius, to every gesture prompted by the depths of the Unconscious. As a matter of course, a reaction was bound to follow such a de-spiritualization, which had raised Lumière's method to the level of the highest art-practice. But one cannot simply consider the expressionistic over-emphasis of the Subject as the dialectic antithesis to the impressionistic over-emphasis of the Object. There is in Expressionism too much directness, too much experience, too much sufferance to understand it as a pose, an attitude towards an art movement.

One has to consider that in music and in poetry too a movement came about exactly corresponding to that of expressionism. The most important theoretical work of the new school, "Der blaue Reiter," deals not only with

painting but also with musical compositions of a Scriábine and a Schönberg. The publications of the Dadaists comprise besides pictures and drawings also poems, which psychologically are in perfect harmony with the pictures. The whole is a movement which we must appreciate and highly esteem as a protest against externalization and as an expression of the hunger for Life.

It would, however, be absolutely wrong to assume that the new Movement too is but an intentional negation of the Past. Much more justified though rather exaggerated are the words of our sensitive Hermann Bahr: "Bourgeois civilization has turned us into savages (128); for this reason expressionism has to treat us in a bersark's fashion (127). Ruined through civilization we discover within us a last Force; in our deadly fear we drag this force to light: Token of the Unknown within us, in which we trust, which is to save us." (129)

In fact the human spirit after having drunk to the lees the cup of a capitalistic-materialisti-

cally externalized civilization and loathing it, has realised the impossibility of going on any further in that direction. More prophetic than the Statesmen, the artists with whom our study deals have anticipated the Final Judgment on our Mammon-civilization. The despised world of the Inner Self, hitherto mocked at and rejected by the devotees of external material values, is knocking loudly and impetuously at the gates of our Culture, too long closed against it. The poor Concept of Truth, exhausting itself in the reproduction of external and of existing things, the impressionistic concept of Truth, which brought to light so glaringly the desolation of contemporary life and contemporary art, was bound to ail and sicken more and more; is it any wonder that a nobler concept of Truth seeking the true meaning of existence and life suddenly appeared in Expressionism?

The burden of the historic Past; the depressing feeling of being merely the insignificant dwarfed heirs of the Ages; the deification of Authority: all that is felt as a fetter and is thrown away accordingly; Art becomes an-

archistic but vulgar. It is wrong to go on enquiring about the purposes of the new art movement and to ruminate about its usefulness. This movement was simply fated to appear like a revolution, like a crushing judgment. Only a fool can disregard the deep seriousness, the very significant symptomatism, the absolutely justified and necessary longing for life to be found in Expressionism, this phenomenon of our time, this art-bolshevism spreading over the whole world of culture.

One must not, however, push this point of view too far. Not all pioneer-art was impressionistic. Painters like Böcklin, Thoma, Steinhausen, Paul Robert and a hundred others are, just as well as Manet and Monet exponents of the Spirit of their Time, a spirit which as we know combines the most contradictory traits of character with the total absence of any character. And thus the expressionistic artist cannot be merely deduced out of a protest against the artistic or cultural milieu. Only in so far as such an attitude serves as a releasing determinant can Expressionism be credited

with a castigation of decadent, extraverted Philistinism.

One cannot go beyond a certain point without floundering into the same reckless exaggerations of which Oczeret was guilty, when he represented all nervous complaints as historical products of cultural development. (Herbert Oczeret, *Die Nervosität als Problem des modernen Menschen*, Zürich 1918, Orell Füssli p. 30). On all sides the facts are against him and contradict his thesis that all neurotic patients of the present day are, unless merely degenerates, the results of the great sociological revolutions, through which mankind has passed within a short time (32). The Middle Ages too during centuries of the greatest possible stagnation had thousands of neurotics, of hysterical monks, of witches, of flagellants and of people obsessed with an idée fixe. Moreover at all times there were children who, though still untouched by the Culture of their day, yet became neurotic sufferers. Oczeret has magnified to the point of ridicule an otherwise good idea of Nietzsche.

We have also seen that our José was, so to speak, always neurotic. But of course the ability and the desire to give vent to his aspirations along expressionist lines was considerably facilitated through the precedent set by other advanced artists and through the clash with our political and social monstrosities. Yet even under such circumstances he remained a thoroughly independent artistic personality with a pronounced bias of his own, a personality who represented and endeavoured to create exclusively personal truths, not after strange models, but with exclusively personal material.

And thus, as was only to be expected, the expressionists do not fall outside the framework of history, and of contemporary history, but they have shown themselves creative, bold to the point of self-sacrifice, and their inwardness borders on the incomprehensible, their originality makes the Philistines' hair stand on end. And for that reason Expressionism deserves the respect of all men, for it is a cry of distress, like a stream of lava forcing itself

forward prompted by the soul's misery and a ravenous hunger after life. In the spacious Demesne of the Lord, as we believe Art to be, there must surely be lying ready-prepared a sunny region for this Expressionistic painting, which springs from so deep a suffering of the soul.

2. Normative Elucidatoin.

A. Aesthetic Discussion.

We should prove ourselves incapable and unworthy to judge Expressionism if we did not go beyond a psychological and biological investigation. For we should then behave as the offsprings of that very Naturalism, the intellectual barrenness of which brought about the revolutionary spirit of the new art. Overcoming a well-founded diffidence, I must therefore beg the reader now to give his attention to an æsthetic consideration of Expressionism, though I am only too conscious of its inadequateness.

It is no easy task to assess the artistic value of Expressionism. What after all is Art? If the concept of art comprises everything that is

the result of a natural ability of course expressionistic painting comes within its scope. Only with such an all-comprehensive realm the creative work of a great composer would be on a level with a woman circus-rider jumping through the hoop or with the tricks of the juggler. If Art were nothing but imitation, as Aristotle is alleged to have taught, the movement we have under discussion would, it is true, fall outside its scope ; but the Greek Sage has never taught such nonsense. According to him the main difference between History and Art is this : the former deals with the individual items, with the facts, the latter with the essentials, with laws, with—as it were—the tendencies of Nature pervading the object to be depicted.

" Idealization of the object in question, idealization within the limits of the object's own character is an artistic task." (Ueberweg, Gesch. d. Philos, 7. Aufl. I: 233). The Beautiful consists in Grandeur and Order and —as in Plato—enters into close relationship to the Good ; yet both belong not to some

transcendental world, but find their realization here in this world.

We endeavour to understand the very essence of Art. If we know her aims and her rules it will be possible for us to gain clear views about the artistic significance of Expressionism.

Let us take, say, the most superficial and most shallow concept as our starting-point: Art as Imitation. Against this formula may at once be objected: why should Reality be painted at all? For does not the photographer supply the detective and the newly-made father alike with everything they might need later on? Why then should the artist disport himself as if he were Nature's monkey? As a matter of fact Oscar Wilde's sentence is true: "No great artist sees things as they really are; he would cease to be an artist."

The opposite of the above doctrine is therefore frequently emphasised: The Creative Work of Genius, in whom the concepts prompted by an irresistible force gush forth from the depths of the Unconscious—

projected into the work of Art. Whatever springs from this mysterious world is looked on by many with reverential admiration, as though a higher dignity of it were guaranteed by its place of origin. Just as religious automatisms are reverenced by their apostles as wonderful divine revelations of the highest degree, and just as the most obscene, loathsome concepts like *e.g.* certain promptings of the conscience—suggestions which an unbiassed outsider must reject scornfully—are deemed sacred by their producers ; thus many a painter thinks the mere fact : that fancies unintelligible to him and all others do arise in him in an irrational and irresistible fashion and do find their way on to paper or canvas, and that these fancies cause him great delight, entitles them to rank as exceedingly valuable and most admirable inspirations of genius. And there are many people who hold the same opinion. In no other art-movement is this cult of automatic genius so much in vogue as in Expressionism. We shall therefore have to come to terms with this view.

A. The Functional Norms of Artistic Activity.

(a) The Subliminal Origin and the Automatic Character.

Already for a long time has Aesthetics formulated the demand, that a work of art should not be the result of cunning calculation but the out-flow of a nobler inspiration. Not consciousness but the Unconscious is the proper mother-womb of all great art. An artistic thought, therefore, comes to a man as a miracle, an illumination, and the purpose plays only an unimportant rôle. When least expected the longed-for image stood before its creator like Athene, sprung from Jove's head, before the enraptured deity. When this creative directness, this eruption out of the Unconscious is absent one cannot speak of true art.

But is this mode of origin, alone sufficient to label a kind of work artistic? Not at all! To assess Expressionism on its automatic side properly, it is absolutely necessary to compare it with other automatisms. Unfortunately this has not yet been done, the theoreticians of art

did not condescend to study the psycho-analytic researches and to test them. Out of a rather long series of phenomena I enumerate only those which I myself have made the object of thorough investigation.

The enormous feelings which some colours produce in certain persons is such an automatism. The Auditions colorées or Synæsthesias, which are often irresistible, are well known. I have proved that the peculiarity of producing a colour-concept on encountering a given vowel, *e.g.* blue with *a*, is based on the same process as any other hysterical or irresistible neurotic symptom. The colour accompanying the vowel is determined through certain painful experiences which have been repressed, thrown out of the conscious. Not the colour, therefore, as such determines the affect-tone resulting from the contemplation of the particular colour, but that experience which had become unconscious, and now rises partly into the conscious determines the affect-tone, because the latter is connected with that experience through specially close internal and

external association, or both (Cf. my essay, "Die Ursache dar Farbenbegleitung bei akustischen Wahrnehnungen und das Wesen anderer Synästhesien," Imago I (1912) 3 Heft.) Anyhow there is no doubt that the expressionist often chooses his colours not on account of their character as felt by men in general but he chooses them on the strength of repressed experiences and fancies of which other men cannot have any idea. That is also why they will neither experience the same affect-emphasis.

Much more closely akin to expressionistic art is automatic cryptolaly and religious glossolaly. I have succeeded in analysing a youth who felt himself compelled by a mysterious inner urge to fill up as quickly as he could whole volumes with written characters, that resembled short-hand, the Morse-code or exotic scripts. An incredible number of perfectly elaborated systems were at his disposal, but not one was intelligible. Only on closer investigation it became evident that there really existed a system full of meaning, as there

was in the language of Martians, which Flournoy's celebrated Hélène Smith produced (Th. Flournoy. Des Indes à la planète Mars, Paris 1901) a regular artificial language but inexplicable to consciousness. Many of the mysterious signs and symbols contained characteristic allusions to experiences. When I *e.g.* questioned him about the symbol the first associative thought stated was "Life." How the symbol came to have this meaning the patient could not state. After a prolonged apperception of the symbol, however, the reminiscence arose: "In my tenth or eleventh year three of us entered a glen. Then an Italian leapt at us with an unclasped knife, I don't know what dark designs were his. Perhaps he wanted to fish in the pond and chase us away for good." He still does not know what connexion there is between the symbol and the associative idea stated. Only as I focussed in succession the different parts of the symbol he recognised with astonishment that the first curve indicates the end of that sheet of water; the sharp vortex of the angle

indicates the spot where the Italian stood; the following curve of the line indicates the position of the small turbine-house where he stood at the moment of the assault; and the final stroke indicates the direction in which he fled to save his life. With similar and even greater plastic skill other situations had been sketched unconsciously, and only after one had had many opportunities to study the greatness of such unconscious high-grade performance, is it possible not to marvel again and again at the speed and skill of the unconscious composition and reproduction of form (cf. my essay "Die psychologische Enträtselung der religiösen Glossolalie und der automatischen Kryptographie," Jahrb. für psychoanalyt. und psychopath. Forschungen, III Bd. 1912, also separately, Deuticke, Vienna and Leipsic, 1912).

Religious glossolalia, this senseless stammering, is built up according to similar laws. Whereas in the beginning I thought that only advanced neurotics could do such things, I discovered later that also every normal human

being, if he draws of his own free will senseless letters or figures, unintentionally gives the Unconscious a chance of manifesting itself. ("Kryptolalie, Kryptographie und unbewusztes Vexierbild bei Normalen," Jahrb. Bd. V.) Only with the normal person that pronounced feeling of satisfaction is absent which occurs in the case of irresistible automatisms. Moreover the same persons who bring to the light of day spontaneously and compelled by an inner force, their unintelligible manifestations, i.e., manifestations of the Unconscious, can do so too at the request of another person, the psychological process remains exactly the same. Many of the intentional and of the unintentional cryptographic sketches I am forced to place on exactly the same level as those of such an expressionistic artist. I cannot notice any formal or functional difference between their sketches and those which I cause to be made by people who never or but rarely dream, in order to analyse them. Expressionism works for a great part with either the automatic or volitional tools of cryptography. No genuinely psycho-

logical and biological comprehension of the whole art movement is possible if one does not know this parallelism between expressionism and cryptography. It is carefully to be noted that the cryptolalist as well as the automatic cryptographer and the expressionist, deems his formations, which afford him so great a delight, to be higher wisdom. Of course with that one does not state that they are all on an equally high level of intellect.

It is also useful to refer to the pictures of many psychopaths. When I placed expressionistic pictures before an eminent psychiater and asked him whether in his opinion they were the work of a psychopath he gave the significant answer: Ten years ago I should have said they were; since, however, this kind of art has become the fashion, I can no longer say so. That pictures had been painted by psychopaths would of course in no way determine their artistic value. Also, in order to explain the character of inhibition, to which many of the "wild" pictures owe their origin, one has to refer to suggestions. In my essay on Glossolaly and

Cryptography, I have analysed a suggestion of a religious nature as to its neurotic origin. (Separate edition, pp 16 sequ.)

Finally I have to recall the fact that even many objective pictures come about through inner irresistible force and through co-operation of the Unconscious. Sometimes the artist himself does not know the meaning of the picture which he is forced to create (cf. my study, "Die Entstehung der künstler. Inspiration," Imago II, 5 Heft (1913), further "Ein neuer Zugang zum alten Evangelium," Gütersloh, 1918, 15-42). Every landscape is influenced by the Unconscious which breathes into it a soul, carries into it the artist's childhood, his psychological characteristics and so on.

Further references would have to be made to religious oracles, vaticination with or without manifest meaning, apocalypses etc., etc.

From these comparisons, then, arises the following conclusion: that the trans-subjective value of any Automatisms be they of an artistic, ethical, religious, or any other character, can

never be guaranteed by their origin from the Unconscious, by their suggestive or obsessional nature, nor by the oddity and originality peculiar to Automatism. And even if such a pursuit becomes fashionable as a result of the example set by recognised artists, as e.g. glossolalia caused by the so-called Whitsun movement, it is not to be credited with any special courage either.

(b) The Autistic Character.

Some expressionists have formulated the maxim that art should merely reproduce the artist. Thus Max Raphael asserts of Picasso, that the starting-point and the only certainty of the creative artist was no longer an actual physical reality but a subjective-physical impetus of the artist-subject himself (115) and that the artist even where he does endeavour to express his experiences spatially yet merely realizes the psychical factor by means of the elements of space.

Now our analysis of José's, as well as that of other automatisms showed that the individual

picture does not express the whole personality but only individual features just then prevalent within the Unconscious, and often indeed ugly features, whereas others which likewise belong to the personality remain repressed and cannot manifest themselves, not even in disguise.

Quite apart from that I do not see any reason why the symbolical self-representation of the expressionist portrait should have any general value in itself, if one disregards the self-satisfaction it affords. Just as little as the objective picture has a value in itself, just as little value in itself is to be found in the subjective picture, caricaturing the things of reality so that they become unrecognizable, or the soul-portrait, the soul-impressionism—alleged to be in-substantial, immaterial—even if it were possible. And one feels still more disinclined to invest this autism with a general human value, after one has, with the help of analysis, realized the awful medley of hatred, revenge, helplessness, psychical discord and confusion sometimes to be found in these pictures. Of what concern to us are the brawls, the disappointments, the ugly scenes of

childhood which the expressionist secretes into his works? If we had been acquainted with them in their actuality we might manage to rake up perhaps at least some general human interest. If, however, we cannot be acquainted with those scenes of childhood and if, (to utilize some examples already given) we merely have to guess from oblique houses how the artist's soul is helplessly collapsing, from the unharmonious ugly features how the artist's mind is at discord with itself and remains fixed in the realms of ugliness: nothing but compassion is what we can offer. Compassion, however, is not an aesthetic attitude.

But does not perhaps the mystical self-immersion contain a deeper understanding of the essence and meaning of Reality, an understanding deeper than all external contemplation? In the case of metaphysical-philosophical solipsism the answer is soon given. Neither is the decision difficult with the expressionism under discussion: What we recognized to be the building-material had chance-personal contents; that such a regressive mode of

thinking which remained fixed in childhood and in painful experiences should have comprehended the essence of Reality more fully than a man who enjoyed a more normal development and did not, oyster-like, shut himself off from the world as the autist, is, I am inclined to think exceedingly difficult to prove. That a man who is driven to subjective pictures is bound to believe he understands the meaning of Existence better than everybody else and that he is bound to look down on everybody else with contempt, is a psychological necessity, for in his work he gives only himself and professedly nothing but himself. But why should a man who is not a neurotic feel himself obliged to bow to this judgment? Where are the expressionist motives? Does not the Misery that seems to voice itself out of the life of an original expressionist, speak in most depressing language? Do ailing eyes see better than healthy eyes? If the expressionist, who represents only his own soul does consider the latter as the most fitting mirror of reality and of the microcosm, that is

no reason why we others should admit the autistic claim as justified, the more so as we recognised it to be a consequence of introversion. Is it not a fact that the whole expressionist art borders on the pathological realms of dream and hallucination, though of course it would be absolutely wrong to throw the suspicion of mental aberration at once on the expressionist. If it has been said and quite rightly: Genius and Madness are border-neighbours, one can hold as a counter-maxim, that madness in a man is no guarantee that he is also a genius.

It goes without saying that no deduction ought therefore to be made denying to expressionistic production the character of artistic work, but merely the proposition that the autistic origin and contents do not ensure an artistic work, nor make it even probable. The same applies to the symptoms of regression, identification and polarization; they all bear no testimony against the artistic value of expressionism. At any rate there is an affective value for the recipient of these gifts who has

an organisation of a correspondingly expressionistic bias. If, therefore, any observer cannot agree with José's own opinion that his self-portrait (picture 4) is very beautiful, if he cannot see the perfection of shoulder and chest, or if he cannot find with the artist (picture 5) the portrait of the latter's wife beautiful, is it not just possible that the spectator is lacking the sense for the depth, for the grandiose value of the truths expressed? As far as I am concerned I have been unable to notice any indications as to such hidden treasures, but rather many human-all-too-human sources for the pleasure-feeling caused by the picture: suffering, hatred, revenge. But this is no proof why ideal values should not have slipped through the meshes of our still superficial methods of analysis, or why some other non-analytical mode of investigation should not succeed in getting hold of such values. We have to leave the question open at present.

(c) The Conscious Elaboration of the Intuitive Element.

All the great artists and poets of the past

bear witness that the unconsciously effected inspiration must be supplemented by a conscious elaboration if a work of art is to be created. The expressionist denies this conscious elaboration. Otto Rank prefaces his great and elucidating Psychology of Artistic Work—a perfect treasure-trove of information—with Schiller's words: "The union between the unconscious and the conscious within us makes the poet-artist," (Das Inzest-Motiv in Dichtung und Sage, Wien 1912.) One might however raise this objection against us: Many dream-productions are recognized as art-productions without the slightest correction afterwards; and too, in the conscious touching-up or correction the Unconscious may exert a kind of phantom-influence. In fact I must allow that the expressionist is justified in not claiming for every work of art the collaboration of clear reflection as a conditio sine quà non. We have therefore to turn to another mode of investigation.

(B) The Contents-norms of Artistic Activity.

(a) General Norms.

We have seen that it is an absolute impossibility to indicate by means of mere psychology what constitutes the essence of true art. On the contrary rather should one consider carefully the individual's position in the world and the relation of the individual life-function to the totality of the life-process, in order to be able to arrive at a right estimate of art.

All art originates in the failure of Reality to satisfy man's needs. Richard Wagner has confessed that there would be no necessity for any art if we possessed Life in all its fulness. "I cannot understand," he said, "how it ever occurs to a perfectly happy man to take up art at all." All art therefore is a poverty-certificate given to our life. But it is also a proof of the wealth inherent in Man's mind.

The most sensible method to re-act on life's woes is to overcome them by removing their causes. This is the realistic solution of the conflict; and it leads finally towards Science and kindred pursuits. But this solution is not

always possible since the resistance of Reality proves itself to be too great for the individual man's strength. Another route is therefore taken by anticipating within the realms of fancy the release from life's woes.

Every life-inhibition leads at first into regression and in the case of violent repressions into the Unconscious, into Autism. The life-impulse formerly directed towards consciousness and reality is forced into other directions. Now everything depends on the subsequent conduct of this life-impulse. Perhaps it produces dreams, or it creates neurotic symptoms, perhaps an idée fixe or writer's cramp. Or this life-impulse is active in an absolutely autistic fashion and creates for itself, beyond Reality and unconcerned about the laws of Reality, a dream-world, which it takes for Actuality, but which has lost all relations with Reality. Thus the hebephrene, with his hallucinations which show his desires realized now openly, now in charades; thus the paranoic who, in the fashion of the hilosophical metaphysician, builds up his

immense cosmos, pleasing himself enormously. He plays the rôle of the creating deity; the only pity is that this illusory world is of a fictitious nature and of no value to Reality. Dreams, hallucinations and illusions are—in contrast to the methods of realistic solution—the autist's methods of conquest, the autist's way of overcoming the poverty of his individual life.

Art, too, belongs to these attempts to create a balance to the unsatisfactory world of Reality, life in which becomes unbearable. Art substitutes for this deficient loathsome world—a world of fancy; and within this creation of art of course all that poverty of life has been overcome, and in its stead are to be found great Values. Thus art is called into life by the need of deliverance, and the aim of art is—release. In so far art is in accordance with dream-fancies and illusory ideas.

There is, however a fundamental difference between art and her humbler sisters. The very starting point is different. The artist's sufferings are not caused by the trifles of

everyday life. His inspiration springs always from some great sorrow. The really great sorrows, however, are those which fall to the share of all mankind, or at any rate, are shared by the majority. Perhaps he feels (like Prometheus) the chains of his own existence, or the lovelessness of it ; perhaps he writhes under the feeling that no one understands him ; perhaps he grieves over the insignificance, the poverty, the imperfection, sin and guiltiness of life. Every great artist is, if not exactly a lamb of God that carries the world's sins, at any rate a central-monade which beholds in its own sufferings all the woes of mankind. It is therefore some real deep-seated Sorrow, caused by the general imperfection of our race and by the very nature of Reality ; not some trifling grievance, the result of individual stupidity or inferiority, and magnified enormously by constant lamentation. The dreaming child can elaborate in those dreams of his the desire for strawberries (Freud, Traumdeutung II p. 94). The fool can set up an outcry about the mess into which

he has landed himself. The artist, however, even though he feels his own sufferings intensely, highly-strung as he is yet connects them at once with the sufferings of mankind as a whole, he looks upon his own as a fraction of man's sufferings. Thus his sufferings assume for him the character of the woes of mankind. The artist is the sensorium of mankind.

But now to a second and more important aspect. The introverted psychopath flees from reality and takes refuge in the world of his inner self in order to rule there like a deity, and to be free there from all the claims of reality. Playing at god-head is his highest pleasure, his substitute for the miserable poorness of reality. Whom does he benefit thereby?

Nobody. The joy of the hebephrene depends on the fancied objectivity, on the world he has shaped to his desires and imagined as real; the delight of the paranoic depends on the fancied objectivity. He is revelling in the thought that he has attained

God's greatness and omnipotence. It is quite otherwise with the artist. The sufferings of life cannot drive him into pure renunciation, complete passivity and buddhistic resignation. With all his might he fights those sufferings. And if he does withdraw within himself, he is not a fugitive from reality but he wants to create within his imagination a new reality by which the actual Reality will be overcome; and as a matter of fact his is not an autistic imaginary world, but a reality which comprises the deepest forces and tendencies, a reality that is a model, showing what our world ought to be and could be. In other words: Art, in its sublime meaning, comprises those representations of reality in which the intellect gives expression to such a harmonious overcoming of all present imperfections and deficiencies in life, as to indicate thus the ideal life-forces without thereby expressing any desire actually to eliminate the factor of suffering in life.

From this definition it follows that Art can never be merely descriptive. It must add something which in the world of reality either

does not exist at all or insufficiently. Further, it must reveal something that is hidden from ordinary mortals. The artist is always a seer who perceives what is hidden from profane eyes. He penetrates into the innermost of things and recognises remedial powers, ideal forces indicating new direction, which ordinary mortals do not see.

And these higher forces and values are not invented but discovered and discovered after the passionate struggle and earnest search without which no one can become an artist. Herein lies the very quintessence of true art. The impressionist never gets below the surface of things, and passing it off as the thing itself he falsifies reality and life in a clumsy and short-sighted fashion. The artist, however, experiences within himself the eternal laws and necessities. All true art possesses deep insight, the insight that penetrates the abysmal depths. And since in all art there lies a symbolic overcoming of the sufferings of Reality with a view to a transfiguration of the world, no true artist can be a pure autist and renounce the

representation of reality. There *is* an autistic deliverance, it is true, but only one: It is Nirvâna, extinction, the last goal of absolute introversion. In that state where all thought, feeling and volition are extinct, reality may well have ceased to exist. But in that case artistic activity is an impossibility, since it presupposes feeling, volition and thought. If the soul, through bitter world-experiences, has separated herself from the world by an imaginary wall, if one's soul has been hurled into the eternal Nirvâna, then one magnifies the tiny narrow Ego into the world-subject and the world-object, outside which nothing else exists. Then danger is imminent: that this Ego supposing itself omnipotent but actually quite impoverished and robbed of love and human association may burst its frail casket and disappear in the night of megalomania; the danger is imminent: that the dazzling light of Omniscience be succeeded by the night in which all knowledge is annihilated.

Just because a true man can work out to the full his pre-determined life-purpose only within

Reality, because only as a living being who elaborates Reality with ideal forces can he prove his humanity, thus Art too must aim at Reality. Art is to depict the whole of Reality but also the forces of deliverance lying within the latter. Art may acknowledge needs and defects and be a mirror for the misery of the world, yea she must do so, else she is not true art and has no power to influence men. But never should she fail to show the overcoming of evil, the conquest of misery and guilt. If the work remains fixed in hopeless woe, then an indispensable characteristic of art is lacking. If art represents a world without suffering the result is an untrue, unsatisfactory, fulsome-cliché. If the deliverance and transfiguration is brought about by means and ways alien to Reality, an ideal play of fancy results which has no life-furthering power to bestow on any one. Even fairy-tales if they are to impress us, must be true, must conceal highest realities beneath a symbolic garment. The fairy-tale of the Seven Ravens *e.g.* sends such a thrill through the reader only because this

story represents symbolically Love's power of deliverance. The soul of a work of art must always be some truth, for only truth delivers us.

The will towards Deliverance has as its results that all art must be prospective. It strives after a better world. But also in this respect it must be true. And art is true if it does not offer idle dreams but a way out of the narrowness of life towards a development of the highest life-energies, the noblest feelings, a way out that corresponds to the forces of reality, to the actual purpose of all existence.

This deliverance is, however, one only anticipated in imagination. And too even this concept contains the idea of deliverance but symbolically. But since the solution corresponds to human nature as it is, to human needs and possibilities, since this solution has grasped the true essence of things the observer's Unconscious responds gratefully, exultantly to the artist's Unconscious, prophesying in the picture.

We will not despise the art of less able men, which elaborates incidental and external

defects of life, and which does not open out any great, ideal perspectives of deliverance. But we must stipulate that Truth and Love, general applicability of the imagination-product to real life, indication of the delivering forces of Reality should of necessity be represented.

Thus art at its best, is at the same time the most personal matter—for the artist's whole personality to its innermost depth has been called into activity; and while an eminently social performance, it is an ethical and metaphysical confession. It always comprises highest subjectivity and objectivity, reality and ideality. It is a cult, yea a fervent prayer, a kneeling before the divine powers which, like a hidden stream, well up in the depths of existence; it is a stammering with quivering lips but with a magnificent consciousness of strength; a defiant declaration of war on all earthiness and all half-souls; a reckless laughter at their miserable appearance. And yet despite all the certainty of victory there remains spread over all Reality the veil of mystery and no artist should shoulder the guilt of Gyges. Art

always remains under the spell of the symbol with its plain easy lucidity and its inexhaustible treasures. And art will always be a matter of intuition that is strong on its affective side; only on the wings of fancy can the artist be borne accross the awful abyss between life's misery and World-perfection. Thus every art leads up Mount Nebo and shows the promised Land; but only the Individual Pioneer can start on the dangerous and wearisome way to the Jordan.

Every artist is a prophet who overcomes this world's misery through his insight into the deepest, highest, safest Reality through his power of giving formative expression amidst the chaos of human life to God's ideas of salvation. May everyone upon whom such artistic gifts have been bestowed always remember his priestly duty!

(b) The Relation of Expressionism Towards Aesthetic Norms.

In what relation does Expressionism stand to the rules laid down concerning the content

of an art work? Let us recall that we comprised under the name Expressionism the most diverse art-movements, viz., everything created by Picasso's sons, Matisse's brothers, the Dadaists and the circles of the "Wild" and of the "New-Art." Everything is included as long as the objects are caricatured to the point of being almost completely or even wholly unrecognizable to the outsider. Sometimes all attempts at likeness have been abandoned and the "art" aims at the representation of psychic states.

We saw that José in his expressionistic activity (pictures 1-5) formulated pictorially nothing but his own personal desires, his hatred and his love, his sensual passion and his inner discord. Under the sway of wrath against his father with whom he was reconciled as far as consciousness was concerned, José expresses in the analyst's picture his fury against other people ; in his self-portrait and in his wife's portrait he expresses his polarization of the wild desire and gentle affection as well as the ensuing contradictory attitude

towards his idolized and yet demonized wife, with the self-torture and despair which were the result of such an attitude. Everywhere he is imprisoned in the narrow abode of his own wishes, and of deliverance there is no trace yet. Moreover nowhere is his own personality in evidence breaking through towards freedom, and nowhere the whole personality that aspires to some higher truth. Nowhere results generally valid, nowhere absolute validity of the contents offered; nowhere deliverance! And how can any one bring deliverance to men, who does not love them, and suffers as they do in his own heart? It is of course to be taken into account that in his improvised sketches José did not give of his best. This highly-gifted, technically highly-trained and talented man could produce much finer work. But what he submitted to my analysis bears the stamp of his own painful helplessness. Autistically his sketches possess a rather high subjective value; metaphysically they are of little value since he is too much under the spell of his own Ego ever to approach objective

reality, since he has descended too short a distance into the Hades of his own soul ever to approach those sources of existence where the Ego arises out of the bosom of the Infinite. Only in his last work of art we behold the transition to a new metaphysical stage. Under the influence of psycho-analysis the artist has realized that his former expressionistic art—at least as far as it has been analysed—was merely symbolic self-mirroring, so-called Narcissism.

Hermann Bahr consoled a young lady who though an amateur, felt herself strongly urged to paint expressionistically. "He is a painter who *must* paint, who *cannot* paint in any other way than he does paint, and who is prepared to hang for his way of painting"; (Expressionismus 41). A "painter" certainly! But an artist? No. Never will he be an artist who cannot give to his own sufferings the larger significance of universal sufferings and who cannot in his artistic work perceptually and symbolically realize, anticipate, prophesy a universally valid method of overcoming them. He may in his pictures give vent to his feelings

like any neurotic who likewise creates a pleasure-sensation within himself through his symptoms—possessing also as everybody knows subjective symbolical value—*e.g.* through the production of an unintelligible medley of words. Such a painter may project his pleasure-sensation into other men and expect that they likewise find relief and uplifting at the sight of his manifestation, yet he lacks the chief characteristic of an artist : that prophetic gift which, in all his paintings, holds up before men's eyes deliverance and the full, true life. Yet a great number of expressionistic pictures give the impression of painful imprisonment. They are the wild shriek of tortured minds, but just as inartistic as a yell. Often I think—but I cannot prove the exactness of my perception—I perceive a sensibility intensified into whining and whimpering, a frame of mind that reacts to a lost collar-stud with the lugubrious pessimism of world-nausea, and yet understands by the World merely the narrow zone of disagreeable sensations called forth by the lost collar-stud. Often when I see expressionistic pictures I am

inclined to make my deductions as to a blasé, lazy cowardly Epicureanism which has not learnt to come to grips with life as a man should; an Epicureanism which sees in Love not a fellow-worker's devotion but only low erotic egoistic things. Such a passive Egotism is bound to lead to a withdrawal from the world and not to a conquest of the world even though it be but a symbolical victory. It is always an odd spectacle to behold a man who obviously forced himself into a ditch complaining that the world is dirty ditchwater. Many expressionistic pictures indicate that the artist's sensuality and egoism have gone bankrupt. They show the penalty for a view of life, a mode of life contrary to the true nature of man. The violation of Nature on the artist's part is always the involuntary confession of an unnatural biological-ethical condition.

Still there are amongst the expressionists some who with great seriousness admit into their souls the woe and weird of their times and who feel it a heavy burden. Waldemar Jollos reproaches the expressionists that they have

not attained any fundamentally clear views as to the real needs of their times, whereas apparently he claims such clear vision for himself and for the group which he designates as the representatives of the "New Art" (Arp, Fritz Baumann, Cough, Henning, Janco, Klee, Morach, Richter) There speaks out of them a profound mysticism, a religious World-affect which, however, can only make itself felt autistically. Some expressionists like Nolde, Bock, Schäfler, Caspar, turned at once to religious pictures and treated with the strongest claims to veracity subjects from the Bible history (cf. E. A. Karl Stockmeyer, Die neue religiöse Kunst in der Mannheimer Kunsthalle, Christl. Welt 1918, Nos. 20-21). It would be ridiculous of course to think for a moment that the large number of artists who devote themselves to their work most intently and energetically, who, despite the ridicule of the masses and despite obvious mastery of traditional conventional technique, yet paint expressionistically, it is ridiculous, I maintain, to think that all these men are only adapting themselves to a

ruling fashion, and are at the best, crazy cranks on the threshold of a lunatic asylum. But whether these artists in their subjective pictures —whose objective contents they themselves seem unable to comprehend—really do express humanity, or whether they confound solipsistically the Ego and the World, the psychologist at any rate finds no hesitation in making his decision as to the objective contents.

As long as the artist himself is a personality who has struggled through to a noble, pure, free life, it does not matter the least how subjectively he paints, how arbitrarily he depicts things; and there is no objection if such an artist in all his pictures whenever possible, portrays nothing but himself. But ostentatiously to flaunt in the face of others one's own wretchedness and botchedness should be left to the miserable freaks of Messrs. Barnum and Bayley's circus. A released solipsist might be an artist, but solipsism and a state of deliverance exist together only in Buddhism, and there again the pleasure in and the strength for work are both paralyzed.

An absolute autist, therefore, can never be an artist.

One contradiction, which, however, does not apply to all expressionists, is certainly to be found in Jollos' assertion that subjective pictures are closer to the cosmic All than objective ones. ("Von neuer Kunst": Neue Zürcher Zeitung, 5 Dec. 1918, 1. Morgenblatt). I wonder on what kind of epistemology such an assertion is based? It almost reminds one of Schleiermacher, who, after having defined the "Contemplation of the Universe" as a religious act, as the understanding of true reality, believed he could comprehend the universe by means of mere affects. But should not the inability of the great theologians and philosophers to apply his epistemology warn us off from similar routes? And does not a metaphysical goal set up before art mean a relapse into Alexander Baumgarten's "cognitio sensitiva," a relapse which Kant deemed unpardonable?

If with the extremists amongst the expressionists one professes pure subjective art, the difficulty arises: How is one to express

pure psychic states in spatial forms? Things psychical are a-dimensional but the painter's art is tied to things spatial. The soul has no colours, the painting, however, has no feelings! The two realms are incommensurable. The outlines of the picture are to us mere signals to represent this or that situation and to attune us correspondingly; or they are parables the meaning of which we interpret so that from the visible outlines by virtue of certain affinities within us we deduce spiritual truths. How is this to be done when one looks at absolutely expressionist pictures? No doubt the soul's experience can be pictorially represented: In Boccioni's well-known "Laughter" one feels the rhythm, the undulatory excitements, the quivering diaphragm, but without the laughing face, the wine-bottle, etc., one would not recognize it, and each one would be able to read something different or even something nonsensical into it. Or in Severini's "The Dancer" one would be at a loss how to interpret the angular trapezia, triangles and pentagons, were it not for the dainty little

human figure which contains the rectilinear designs on a small scale and provides the key; some help too is given by the similar fragmentary figure and the two large face-fragments which with their expression of inquiring calm and serious grace bestow upon the whirling crowd a remarkably important content. And now one understands the glittering farrago of colours.

One sees the agile figure dancing along with amazing speed, yet without maenadic wildness, rather with infinite grace and with a most fascinating omni-presence; not, however, to please the gentleman in the top-hat located somewhere on the left-side, but to express in dramatic fashion bitter grief, and in passionate symbolism to create for it an outlet.*

*Herwath Walden in "Einblick in Kunst—Expressionismus, Futurismus, Kubismus; Berlin, (p. 18), places Boccioni and Severini in opposition to the expressionists and calls them futurists because both men start from the objective and deem this the meaning of the pictures. In our view they are semi-expressionists. Absolute expressionists who make no concessions to the world of objectivity, do not exist. All the clearer we recognize the impossibility of representing material by a-material things, emotions and laws of the soul through material things.

Subjective art pretends to be purely intellectual art, a monologue of the soul, but also a dialogue with kindred souls. But how can the immaterial soul paint itself with things material? Is not all that mere nonsense? The soul is not 10 cm. by 14 cm. in extent, the soul's feelings are not like a cube, a square, or a circle. There are no spirit-photographs. Is a telepathic intercourse to be established through the medium of the subjective design? And what does it matter to us how somebody else "feels" the world? Why, the autist does not worry about us and has no idea how to help us. It cannot be done; even by eliminating all intellectual understanding still one does not defeat intellectuality in art. And if people take refuge in geometrical ornamentation or the confused cryptogram, the psychoanalyst can but smile. He knows that behind all these would-be grand expressions of cosmic feeling are hidden human-all-too-human foibles and accidents. Let some one try the experiment; take ten different expressionists and ask them what metaphysical truths and

"Cosmic Feelings" they read into such twists, distortions and spashes of colour! Each one will find something different from the others, indeed each one something that appeases the hunger of his pre-consciousness. Intellectuality in art is not overcome through the annihilation of objectivity and rationality, but through living forces that arise out of the treasures of emotion to be found within the Unconscious, forces that will clothe with flesh and blood the skeleton of objective and abstract thought. Intellectuality can be overcome through a life-inspiring wind from the realm of emotions, a wind which will breathe life into the corpses as in Ezekiel's grandiose vision. Elimination of the intellect, however, would result in a riot similar to the speaking with tongues amongst the early Christians, about which St. Paul says, (1, Corinth. 14, 23.) "If there come in those that are unlearned, or unbelievers, will they not say that ye are mad?" All alogical movements of that kind have broken down, and an extreme disillusion was the usual reaction following immediately after.

It is therefore quite right that at any rate the majority of the expressionists have retained at least a remnant of objectivity. Whether however the autistic growth gradually covering up this remnant has not limited the intelligent reception of the whole manifestation to a very small circle is an open question. But every expressionist ought to possess at least enough tact and psychological training not to look down on those who are left perfectly cold and indifferent towards his work; such an artist ought not to imagine he has found the salvation of the world, the Holy Grail for all mankind by means of his work, which no doubt satisfies himself subjectively.

On the other hand the well-instructed observer to whom the expressionistic picture conveys nothing, and to whom it makes no affective appeal, will never say: "It is meaningless." What appears to him meaningless may convey to the artist and his compeers a wealth of significance with its symbols and historical allusions. Of course he who does not feel it can never get at it. It is merely servile to

force oneself to admiration or allow oneself to be unduly influenced by other people's suggestions.

The more objective a picture is, the more certain is the observer as to what the picture contains for him; the more subjective it is, so much the more mysterious and unfathomable does it become.

Now, if man is not just only a self-sufficing monad; if it is part of his destiny and a life-necessity to hold a definite attitude towards reality; if it is his vocation to love, to serve, to rule in his environment, in society, the State, Mankind; if he is to fill the world from his station with Spirit and subject it to Spirit; then it is a just demand on Art that she too, should give expression to this conquest and transfiguration of the world.

Autistic art would be logically justified if she went hand in hand with an extreme mysticism which once and for all would close the eyes to the world ("myein" does actually mean "to close the eyes") and if she would resolutely ignore the world in thought, feeling and will.

But to pursue an anachoretic art and at the same time live amidst the world is irreconcilable.

Jollos has most beautifully described the religious deepening of expressionism—in our sense. He announces: All deference due to tradition; but if the latter has once been even slightly shaken, if a new spirit stirs itself in face of the flux of shapes that we call this world; and if this spirit is of God, nothing can suppress it." But how does one know it is of God? And even so does it originate from the God of Love and Brotherliness, or from the paranoic spirit which elevates the Ego to the rôle of a world-creator and which despises Reality? Is this spirit alleged to be of God merely because man, according to Windelband in all mysticism, is a microtheos? And if the religious man believes that God has embodied His eternal wisdom and love in the physical processes of the world as well as in the events of the spirit, if He has created reality for the spirit and the spirit for reality: why should the artist hesitate to express the spiritualization of reality?

It is not the ecstatic glossolalist who has given the gospel to the world, but Jesus, who used plain intelligible words. And if in Paulinic assemblies there was more ecstasy than in the circle of Jesu's disciples, there was not for that reason a more vitalizing spirit to be found in the former. "Cosmic feelings" and similar super-æsthetics are of no benefit to the world; but it can be helped by ethical forces which overcome the woe of the world in the spirit of liberty, love, truth and justice. Moreover, in such activity directed towards a goal within Reality, there alone will develop the greatest life-intensity which can never be gained without knowledge of the true meaning of life and of genuine life-forces. Every religion is inferior which does not with its transcendental forces serve this world. And is it possible that an artist full of life could live in a world denuded of such ideal forces?

B. Biological Discussion of Expressionism.

(a) Expressionism and Psychopathology.

Since biologically we possess the necessary

orientation, we must not underestimate the psychopathic aspect of the expressionistic problem. Once again I protest emphatically against the reproach that I consider every expressionist mad. True I know several expressionistic artists who undoubtedly are mad. One has to be most cautious in using expressions like "perverse" or "pathological" art, especially if one is a psychologist. Worringer calls gothic architecture a "living document of the lofty hysteria of the Middle Ages." (Formen-probleme des Mittelalters, 5. edition 1918, p. 114). But he is wrong when he similarly labels Scholasticism. This method of study corresponds really to an introversion-neurosis. As to its psychology, compare my essay: "Das Kinderspiel als Frühsymptom krankhafter Entwickelung, zugleich ein Beitrag zur Wissenschaftspsychologie." Schulreform (X. Jahrgang, Bern 1917). Of course even if this "hysterical" origin of gothic art were true it would tell us nothing as to the value of this style. Very often in my opinion neurotics are the most splendid men. But despite all

sympathy due to the moral earnestness of so many expressionists, one has to point out:

The non-psychopathic expressionists possess besides their art a sufficient number of bridges to span the abyss between the Ego and the external world. But is it not an unfavourable symptom that their most sacred possession, their art, leaves them in the lurch during the battle for life's real meaning, or, should they take their art seriously, plunges them into the night of Nirvâna?

The tendency towards introversion on the part of expressionistic art is not without its danger. Some expressionists—let me repeat emphatically not *all*—are awfully close to mental derangement. It is significant that Picadia dedicates his expressionistic verses to the physicians specializing in diseases of the nervous system. Now the close relationship with pathological elements does not in any way detract from the dignity of a spiritual phenomenon and from the days of Plato and Aristotle to those of Lombroso and psycho-analytical research we have known that Genius,

therefore also all supreme works of art, originate in similar spheres of influence, spring from similar sources as functional madness with all its horrors. The whole difference between the two lies in their contrary attitude towards Reality: Whenever the bridge leading towards Reality has been destroyed to such an extent that no return is possible, then madness rules the grim garrotter and murderer of life. Such an experienced psychiater and philosopher as Paul Schilder who, referring to Schelling, knows that without a dash of madness no great artistic work would be possible, says most fitly: "There are two worlds, a real and an unreal one. To the real world, however, belongs that deep inner life which in perspective form yet finds an outlet in energetic action: the imagination of the poet, of the philosopher, of the scientist. To the unreal world belongs that realm of imagination which does not possess such a perspective purposiveness. Symptoms: the world has lost its innate value (the following examples have been taken from Friedrich Huch's novel "Mao," reviewed by

Schilder): The door-latch is sulky or cheerful; lifeless things become alive; the individual's mood appears as part and parcel of the external world and determines action. The world is the consummation of soul and presentiment and since that is so, the individual's wish and will is omnipotent. All those who live in a world of fancy imagine themselves to be endowed with magic powers. It is well known to Race-psychology what an important rôle witchcraft plays in the thought of primitive tribes. Everywhere the most terrible spell is in a name. Thus imagines the primitive savage, thus think we ourselves in our dreams. It is an ancient phylogenetic mode of thought. Thus too thinks the Shizophrene,* at least he is capable of such thinking. Thus too, thinks the poet. *But he overcomes this kind of thought by facing the world unflinchingly. He overcomes the*

* Shizophrenia is Bleuler's substitute for Kraepelin's rather unsatisfactory term dementia praecox. It comprises the sub-divisions of paranoid, catatony, hebephrenia and shizophrenia simplex. *Cf.* Bleuler Lehrbuch der Psychiatrie. p. 311-322.

world of magic through an activity that is adapted to causal Reality. With such an activity a higher level is reached which implies that the depths have been overcome. (Archiv für Psychiatrie und Nervenkrankheiten, 1918 p. 702.) So it is. True art is an effective prophylactic psychosis, resembling in this respect, even though not equal to, religion (cf. my essay : "Wahrheit und Schönheit in der Psychanalyse" Rascher, Zürich, 1918, pp. 100 sequ ; 141) ; diseased art is a symptom, a wrecked attempt at deliverance.

Morgenthaler, too emphasizes that Genius is and must be exposed to especially great strains, but that thanks to a peculiar power of resistance it does not break down under the burden like the madman, but creates wonderful works ("Die Grenzen der geistigen Gesundheit," *Schweizer. Rundschau fur Medizin* XVIII vol. No. 18 of 16th August, 1918).

To show the difference between expressionism and insane would-be artistic works, I give two illustrations. For the one I am indebted to an hysterical lady 62 years of age, who felt

herself compelled to draw quite automatically hundreds of birds and fishes. Formerly she covered the creatures with eyes on which the lead-pencil had to come to a standstill whilst an overwhelming pleasure-feeling arose in her which was immediately turned into a prayer. The woman who has no artistic talents whatever suffers from a severe erotic complex which manifests itself through such graphic productions in a fashion all too significant to the expert in abyss-psychology. In complete or semi-ecstasy she also speaks with tongues, which she traces back to divine inspiration. One such inspired phrase she wrote on picture 12; the thin quivering handwriting here displayed is superior to her ordinary script. The fact that the artist is an hysterical woman would not detract from the artistic value of her work. But the symptoms of deliverance through beauty of form are absent. The same is the case with the following picture, for which I have to thank Dr. W. Morgenthaler, who is preparing for publication a monograph about

the interesting man that drew it, an old paranoic case.*

One cannot fail to notice that this picture too contains features which recall expressionism, or rather individual expressionistic works. The primitive or archaistic form to the left in the foreground, the fact that the "artist" dispensed with perspective etc. But the artist has not found the real forces of deliverance. He moves about in a phantasmagoria which is not based on reality and which does not express the

*The picture is vividly coloured. On the back is written: "The portrait is the 64,532 hou-45 minutes long, 1,876 to 3,984 (or on the average 2,950) hour broad, about 13,500 hour calculation-statement containing, nearly end—and limitlessly high Saint Gustav-Adolf-Thron-Schnägg (=snail) in Germany: the latter in serpentine formation around and along the German frontier-line. . . . This is the great great imperial family, of William I from the so-called throne—giant—glacier. Augusta, the crown-princess, on the picture the young lady in the foreground to the left, seated in an armchair. Beyond my dear, good and beautiful wife, ditto great great empress and great great goddess. On present picture are from the Snail-head towards its tail: 1. The four-part march-beginning in the Music-Birdie. . . ." Morgenthaler's book will be published shortly by Ernst Bircher, Bern.

forces of deliverance to be found within Reality. That is why the unfortunate artist has continued drawing for years and years without ever finding the way into Reality. The poor fellow does not find, as the expressionist thinks he does, the innermost secret, the spiritual essence of Reality. The former never gets beyond illusions, whereas the latter, the expressionistic artist, expects he can give in his painted mysticism something divine which can occasionally be experienced as having even a world-redeeming effect.

I am afraid, though, modern expressionism will pass through the same phases as Mysticism, of which that art-movement is but a part. An individual deliverance here and there may fall to its share, but hardly even small circles suffering from similar repressions and inhibitions will find release through it. And nothing whatever is proved by the fact that nowadays many fashionable people who are easily swayed by suggestion are moved to strong emotion at the sight of expressionistic works.

The point at issue in all art is man's settle-

ment with life, since extreme Buddhism, i.e. pure, immanent settlement with life, means death. Such a settlement, however, must mean a settling of accounts with the whole external world. Expressionism, if pushed to its logical extremes, means an absolute rejection of the empirical world. The satisfaction felt by the expressionist and by the small coterie of people who are attuned similarly, who suffer similarly, is not a force of deliverance; for not even the inner conflicts are really settled, the inner bonds are not really broken. All that it comes to is the satisfaction of the glossolalist and of the cryptographer; however many volumes the latter may fill with his manifestations he will not find peace. His autoerotism may give him a temporary relief, like the discharge of an ulcer, but the inner complication remains the same. The underlying morbid condition has not been removed. The causes of the illness are not removed and no recovery is effected.

(b) Nobler Life Theory.

If art was also aiming at nothing but a fuller life, art would have to reveal life-tendencies entitled to claim superiority over disturbing life-tendencies. And thereby it becomes evident that this greatest mind-vitality is not intensified by mystic contemplation —however agreeable the latter may taste to paralyzed Passivity, hopelessly invalided in the battle for all that is best in Reality, a Passivity which despite its autistic demiurgic activity betrays itself when faced by real problems as a weakling—but by an attitude of practical Activity which—based on a strong will, on the joy of work and aided by a great love, by an unshakeable belief in a sense of life, in the existence of ideal forces—will endeavour to overcome the woes of Reality and to realize the higher purpose innate in the cosmic process. The secret of life, of liberty, of peace, consists in the devotion of the individual soul to the Cosmic soul ; but this devotion is effective only in a trustful and unrestrained activity for the permeation of Reality and of the finite mind with the mind Infinite.

Art ought to correspond with such an aim. If it were true, as Worringer states (Wilhelm Worringer, *Abstraktion und Einfühlung*, 5th edition, München 1918, p. 175) that all our definitions of art considered the latter "as a luxury-activity of the Psyche thus disposing of its surplus of vitality," these miserable and philistine definitions have to be cleared away. No, we do not look on art with the eyes of the money-proud Parvenues who hardly know how to spend their superfluous millions. We know too much of life's misery and men's poverty, of gigantic tasks that lie before civilization, of social distress clamouring for help, of the heart's longing for absolute values, of man's ardent desire for deliverance from guilt and foolishness; we know too much of man's endless limitations in this finite world: to allow ourselves luxuries, to throw boastingly away superfluous strength! Above all it is the duty of the present generation—as of all generations—to remind itself of the noble aims of life, of the great powers of life; our generation must find itself, find its own soul, and conquer

the gross materialism prevalent in all classes of modern society.

And to do that our generation needs, in addition to other things—art.

With immense moral enthusiasm expressionism has broken away from impressionism, which embodied so perfectly our materialistic, de-spiritualized culture—deprived of all individual creative forces—until finally this art had to flee in horror before Lumière sensitive plates. Expressionism is the art of inwardness. But having fallen a victim to repression instead of ruling the instincts (cf. my book, "*Was bietet die Psychoanalyse dem Erzieher?*" p. 27 sequ. p. 78 sequ.) this art movement floundered into introversion and came under the influence of an autism which destroyed all proper rational and volitional relations to empiric reality, condemned expressionism to an ethically and intellectually sterile contemplation, left it in the lurch, and allowed often only a symbolical manifestation of its misery and demiurgic illusion. Not a "cosmic sense" is what we need, but an overcoming of the world,

a "cosmo-pthoric (*i.e.* a world-destroying) sense" is what we want; not a representation by means of colour and outline of pure psychic states (*i.e.* pure subjectivity) but a purification of minds so that they can work and live. I should never dream of convincing an expressionist by these arguments; since he is a chained prisoner in the Donjon of Introversion and cannot possibly see or know the true motives of his art and his delight in it, my argument cannot reach these subterranean forces of his soul. He simply has to work in his own peculiar style just as the glossolalist and the obsessional cryptographer with their automatic means of expression. Only psycho-analytic exploration can reach the goal in such cases, and how difficult it is to analyse expressionists, José's example has shown us. The analyst is called in only as a last resort when the whole existence of the expressionist is at stake and life has become unbearable, but as soon as possible the patient dismisses him. For his art is to the expressionist his greatest privilege, his most sacred mystery, his holy of holies as

an apparent senseless ceremonial to the obsessional neurotic, an abstruse metaphysics to the paranoic, her arc de cercle to an hysterical woman. By which I do not mean to suggest that these manifestations are of the same value or on the same level as expressionistic manifestations.

Still, though the difficulty of influencing an expressionist may be a cause for regret, truth will see the light of day some time, even artistic truth. I earnestly hope that the lofty characteristics of expressionism will not fall into oblivion some day when the strong desire for reality-ideals has superseded the expressionist's art, so hostile to Reality. Let us hope that out of the powerful concentration and inwardness of this art-movement, and out of its heroic breach with the burden of historical tradition with its daring emphasis of the individual's necessities, will arise a new painting, a new sculpture, a new poetry, which, anointed with a prophetic spirit, will combine the deepest sense for realities with the possession of ideal forces. For art at its best is, and ever will be, a message of Advent,

an announcement of the Great Joy that will come to all peoples, a symbolic preparation for Peace upon Earth. Art at its best is always a wordless fervent prayer: "Thy Kingdom Come."

THE END.

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Psychopathic art, like psychopathic conduct, has merely self-pleasure as its goal — it endeavors to escape Reality, Obligations, other people, limits and deserts. It creates not out of life, but away from life.